THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 704 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 12

THE SWEETEST.

BY M. A. D.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?
The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true—
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head,
Her radiant face seemed half divine,
"The sweetest eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine."

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII—(CONTINUED.)

WHAT was Blair doing now? Had the woman, his wife, returned to him? Where was he, and was he happy? No, Margaret thought, there could be no happiness for him unless he were utterly destitute of heart and could forget the girl whose love of him had led her to ruin and dishonor!

From these sad thoughts she was aroused by a knock at the door and the voice of the princess calling softly:

"May we come in, dear?"

Margaret opened the door, and there stood the prince beside his sister.

He was in evening dress, and upon his bosom glittered a cluster of orders; he looked the patrician he was, but there was a deep humility and reverence in the manner of his bow and the way in which he extended his hand to her.

"Will you forgive this intrusion, Miss Leslie?" he said in his excellent English, which was made more musical rather than less by the slight accent. "I have come to beg you to give us the honor and pleasure of your company. Florence tells me that you are not ill or I should not have bothered you."

Margaret made room for them to enter, standing with downcast eyes under his gaze, which was full of admiration and a respectful regard.

"Pray come," he said with an eagerness only half concealed. "For all our sakes if not for your own, and I should add, for your own, too, for there are some people here whom I think you would like to meet."

He mentioned some names of which Margaret had heard as those of great people in Rome.

"And there are some artists, too, Miss Leslie," he continued; "surely you will not refuse them the pleasure and honor of making your acquaintance. My mother, too, begs that, if you feel well enough, you will come down. There is Count Vasali, the great musician; he will play for us, I hope."

"Oh, do come, if only for an hour, dear," said the princess, adding her prayer.

Margaret hesitated, and while she hesitated the prince went slowly up to the easel upon which the picture stood, with the cabinet unlocked.

He started, and drew a little nearer, then looked from Margaret to the picture, and from the picture to Margaret again.

"Is this——?" he said, in a low voice, then stopped.

"Oh, it is the picture! May I look, now he has seen it?" exclaimed the princess; then she, too, drew near, and stood speechless.

"I—I hope you like it," said Margaret, with the nervousness of an artist whose work is being criticized.

"Like it!" exclaimed the prince gravely. "It is——"

He stopped again and turned to Margaret with almost solemn earnestness.

"Miss Leslie, I am not an artist, I do not presume to be a critic, but I am convinced that this is a marvelous picture! It is, I think, a great work. I cannot tell you how it moves me! But there are others in the house who are more capable of judging and appreciating it. You will let me show it to them?"

Margaret flushed and then turned pale. She would have kept the picture to herself, for the present at any rate; but then she considered the matter in the few seconds while he stood waiting. After all, she was an artist, it was by her art that she must exist, and it was well that her picture should be seen.

"I will do as you wish, prince," she said.

"No, not I, but you," he said gently, with a little thrill in his voice that touched Margaret, and made the princess turn and look at him.

"Take it then," said Margaret.

He took it from the easel, and locked it in the cabinet carefully.

"And you will come down? You must?" urged Florence eagerly. "You must hear what they say. I know what it will be: they will say what Ferdinand said!"

"Very well," said Margaret, with a little sigh.

The princess clapped her hands.

"Oh, I am so glad. I will come for you in half an hour. Will that do?"

"Miss Leslie will understand that she will meet friends," said the prince, laying an extra stress on the word, "though she has not seen them yet."

And with this courtly, kindly word of encouragement, he carried off the picture.

Margaret changed her plain black dress for one of black lace, which, simple as it was, and without ornament, lent to her graceful figure a distinguished air which even Worth himself sometimes cannot bestow, and before the half hour was up the princess came for her.

"Dressed already, dear! Oh, and how well you look! May I kiss you? Ah! after all it is the English who really know how to dress. Why yours is the prettiest costume in the house——"

"It is the simplest, dear, I am sure," said Margaret.

The princess drew Margaret's arm through her own, and they went down to the salon. The magnificent room seemed to Margaret to be full of people, and for a moment the light of the wax candles beautifully subdued as it was, dazzled and bewildered her; the gay uniforms, with their stars and crosses, danced before her eyes and the hum of voices sang in her ears.

The princess led her to her mother, and the old lady made room for her on the settee.

"I am glad you have come, my dear Miss Leslie," she said, in her slow, gentle voice; "we should all have been so sorry if you had not."

Margaret said nothing, but presently gained courage to look round.

Some lady was at the piano playing, and there were a few persons round her; but the rest of the party were gathered together round some object at the end of the room, about which candles and lamps had been arranged, and she knew that it was her picture.

Presently she saw the prince approaching, with an old gentleman at his side, an old man with long silvery hair and pale face, from which the dark eyes shone with a strange brilliance that was yet soft and dreamy.

"Miss Leslie," said the prince, "let me introduce Signor Alfero to you."

It was the great artist whose works Margaret had stood before with admiration and awe.

She inclined her head without a word. The great artist's eyes rested on her keenly for a moment; then he said:

"To have seen your picture, Miss Leslie, is to desire a knowledge of you. You are very young!"

It was a strange speech, and it brought the color to Margaret's face.

"I had expected to see an older person—one whose experience would account for her success; but it is always so, it is to youth all things are possible! My dear, you have painted a wonderful picture! It is a work of genius. I cannot tell you how it has moved me! How came you to paint it?"

Margaret looked up questioningly and fearfully.

"I mean," said the great man, with a kindly smile, "where did you get your subject? Waves and rocks are old as the hills, but your waves and rocks are new because they are so terribly real. And the figure, too! Why, yes—it is your own! Miss Leslie, your picture is a great one. I tell you this without flattery, and as one of our trade. It is great, and it will bring you fame."

Fame! Alas, it might bring her fame, but of what value would fame be to her now?

Perhaps the absence of all joy in her face as she received the tidings, touched the great man, for he said:

"But we do not care for that, do we? not so greatly, that is. It is the satisfaction in our work, is it not? Will you come with me and let me ask you a few questions about one or two things in your picture?"

He held out his arm, and Margaret, still speechless, let him lead her to the easel upon which the picture stood.

The group, clustering round it, made way for the pair, looking at Margaret, and whispering together in the well-bred way which conceals the act.

The great artist asked his questions—they related to various lights and shades, and wave formations—and Margaret answered modestly, in her low, sweet voice; then the prince, who stood on the other side of her, found himself besieged by applications for introductions, and quietly he brought one after another of the group to Margaret, and made them known to her.

She heard titles and names that are world known; women famed for their beauty, great statesmen, soldiers, and musicians. She had shrank from the thought of such an ordeal, but she found that, after all, it was not so terrible, and as she bowed and said the few words proper to the occasion, the thought flashed through her mind, "If I had been Lord Blair's wife, it is this that I should have had to meet sooner or later."

It was evident that she was the celebrity of the evening. The fame which the great artist had prophesied had come already, for there was not one there who was not willing to blow a blast upon the trumpet which announces the appearance of a great one to the willing and welcoming world.

It was not only the fact that she had painted a picture which Alfero had pronounced "great," but her beauty, with its touching air of subdued sadness, took possession of them.

They gathered round her, these noblemen and famous ladies, and made much of her, until the prince, fearing that she would be overdone, offered her his arm, and led her, on the excuse of showing her the flowers, towards the conservatory.

Margaret was tired and excited, though there was no trace of it in the sweet, pale face, and she was glad of a few minutes rest.

The prince led her to a seat placed amid a cluster of ferns and exotics, and taking up a fan, gently fanned her.

"I spoke truly, you see, Miss Leslie," he said. "I cannot tell you with what joy and pride—yes, pride!—Signor Alfero's words filled me. But we will not speak of them again to-night; though I trust they have made you as happy as they have made me."

There was something in his voice which half frightened Margaret, and, as she looked up to reply, she found his eyes fixed upon her with a light in them which caused hers to droop, though why she knew not.

"The signor—everyone—has been too good to me," she said.

"No," he said with suppressed earnestness. "That no one who knows you could be."

He was silent a moment, then he looked round.

"Ah, how glad I am to be at home!" but as he spoke his eyes returned to her face.

"And they are all glad to have you, prince," said Margaret.

"All?" he said. "May I include you, Miss Leslie?"

A faint flush rose to Margaret's face, then it grew pale again.

"I?" she said. "Oh, yes, I am glad!"

"You make me very glad to hear you say that," he said, in a low voice, bending down so that he almost whispered the words in her ears. "I have thought of you very often while I have been away, Miss Leslie, wondering and hoping that you might be happy here at the villa, and longing to get back that I might see you again."

Margaret's heart beat fast.

She told herself that it was only the language of courtly kindness; warmer than an Englishman would use, but meaning no more than usual.

"What beautiful flowers!" she said, looking at a bunch of camellias before her.

He glanced at her dress, unadorned by a single article of jewelry, then, crossing the conservatory, picked a snow-white blossom and brought it to her.

"Will you accept this?" he said.

"Oh, thank you!" said Margaret. "How lovely it is!" and she held it in her hand.

"Will you wear it?" he asked, and his voice grew low and almost tremulous.

Margaret started, and her face grew pale. They were almost the very words Blair had spoken in the little garden at Leyton Court that never-to-be-forgotten night, and they brought back the past and her own position with lurid distinctness.

"No, no!" she breathed, scarcely knowing what she said, and she let the flower drop into her lap.

The prince's face grew grave and pained.

"Have—have I offended you?—have I been too presumptuous?" he asked humbly.

"No, no!" she said again; and she looked up. "Presumptuous, your highness! You to me! The presumption would be mine if I—if I were to accept——" she paused.

"Do I understand you?" he said drawing nearer, his handsome, patrician face flushing, his eyes seeking hers with an eager intentness. "Miss Leslie, my poor flower would be honored by the touch of your hand; will you honor me also by wearing it? Miss Leslie"—he paused a moment, then went on—"I do not think you understand. Shall I tell you now, or are you too tired and wearied? I think you must know what I would say. Such love as mine will break through all guards, try as we will to hide it, and proclaim itself to the beloved one——"

Margaret started to her feet with a wild

horror in her eyes.

"Do not—speak another word!" she breathed. "I—I cannot listen! I—take me back, please, your highness!"

The prince's face paled, and his lips shut tightly; but with the courtly grace which could not forsake him, even at such a moment, he took her hand and drew it through his arm.

"Your lightest word is law to me," he murmured. "I will say no more—to-night; but I must speak sooner or later. But no more to-night! Not one word, be assured. You may trust me, if you will not do any more!"

Margaret was speechless, her heart throbbing with a dreadful amazement and horror. That he—the great prince—should have so spoken to her—to her upon whose life rested so dark a shame almost maddened her.

In silence he led her into the salon. As he did so, a certain noble lady, an old schoolfellow of his mother, who was sitting beside her, looked up at them, then turned to the signora.

"That is a very beautiful girl, signora!"

The old lady glanced at Margaret and smiled placidly.

"Miss Leslie?—yes."

"Very," said the countess. "There is something sad and *spirituelle* about her which renders her loveliness something higher than the ordinary beauty of which one sees so much nowadays."

"Yes," said the signora. "I fear she has passed through some great sorrow. There is a look in her eyes when she is silent and thinking, which makes one tempted to get up and kiss her."

"A dangerous charm, that," remarked the countess drily.

"A charm; yes, that is the word," assented the signora, smiling. "She has charmed the heart out of Florance, and has crept into mine, poor girl!"

"Poor girl!" echoed the countess drily; then, as it seemed, abruptly and inconsequentially, she said, "How handsome Ferdinand has grown!"

The signora let her eyes linger upon him with all a mother's pride and tenderness.

"Yes; has he not? He is like his father."

"And his mother," said the countess. "He is a great favorite at Court, my dear. There is a career before him if there should happen to be a war, as I suppose there will be."

"I could do without a career for him if the price is to be war," said the signora, sighing.

"He seems very attentive to Miss Leslie," remarked the countess, looking at the two young people as they crossed the room.

The prince found a seat for Margaret, but still remained by her side, bending over her with that rapt attention which distinguished him.

"Oh, yes," assented the signora placidly. "He thinks a great deal of her. I imagine that he is very pleased at the success of her picture. Ferdinand is devoted to art; and says that the villa is renowned as the birthplace of so great a picture as Miss Leslie has painted."

"Hem!" said the countess; then, with a frown, she added, "Don't you think that the charm you speak of may exert itself over Ferdinand?"

"Over Ferdinand?" said the signora, as she glanced across at them with a serene smile.

"Yes, over Ferdinand," repeated the old countess almost impatiently, "or do you think that the male heart is less susceptible than the female? Do you suppose that Ferdinand is blind to Miss Leslie's loveliness, and that it is only revealed to you and Florence?"

"What do you mean?" asked the signora.

"What do I mean? Why, my dear Lucille, aren't you afraid that, to speak plainly, Ferdinand may—fall in love with Miss Leslie?"

The signora looked at her for a moment with a mild surprise, then she drew her slight figure up to its full height and smiled with placid hauteur.

"Ferdinand will not fall in love with Miss Leslie," she said, with an air of calm conviction.

"Oh," said the countess drily. "Does he wear an amulet warranted to protect him from such eyes as hers, such beauty as hers?"

"Yes," said the mother. "Ferdinand wears such an amulet. It is the consciousness of his rank and all his duties and responsibilities. Miss Leslie is a most charming girl, and Florence and I are attached to her; but Ferdinand——" she paused and smiled. "I know Ferdinand very well, I think, my dear, so well, that if you were to hint that he was likely to fall in love with one of the maidservants I should be as little alarmed."

The countess looked at her with a strange smile, then glanced at the prince and Margaret.

"My dear Lucille," she said, "I beg your pardon. Of course, you are right, and there is no danger. There has never been an instance of one of our rank marrying beneath him, has there?" and she laughed ironically.

The signora smiled and shook her head.

"My dear," she said quietly, "there isn't a prouder man in Italy than Ferdinand. I am not at all uneasy."

CHAPTER XXIV.

I DO not think I have at any time held up Lord Blair Leyton as an example to youth, and I am less likely than ever to do so now, now that he has reached an epoch in his life when, like a vessel without a rudder, he drifts to and fro on life's troubled sea, heedless of his course, and perilously near the rocks of utter ruin and destruction.

But, at any rate, I claim one quality for our hero—he was thorough.

A wilder man than Blair, before he fell in love with Margaret, it would be difficult to imagine; it would be harder to find a better one, or one with better intentions, than he was during his short married life; and, alas, no wilder and more reckless being than poor Blair, after Margaret's supposed death.

He was quiet enough when he was ill, for he was too weak to do anything but sit still all day and brood.

He would sit for hours staring moodily at the dim line where sea and sky meet, without uttering a word—all his thoughts fixed upon his great loss, the sweet, lovable, lovely girl whom he had called wife for a few short weeks.

Over and over again he recalled all the happy hours they had spent together. Little tricks of speech of hers, little gestures and movements of the head and hands, he dwelt upon and treasured as a miser treasures his hoarded gold.

The thing we have lost is always the dearest; it is human nature that it should be so, and to the bereaved man, utterly prostrate in mind and soul and body, his lost love seemed far more precious—dearly as he had loved her—now that she had vanished from his sight, than even when she was by his side.

He never mentioned Margaret's name, and Austin Ambrose was much too wise to disobey his injunction in regard to silence on that subject.

He made no further inquiries, and even if he had been desirous of doing so, there was no one of whom to make inquiries, for the Days had left Appleford, and no one knew anything more of Margaret than the common record, that she had been seen on the rock, and then—not seen!

Emaciated and haggard, Lord Blair sat day after day, waiting for the renewal of strength, his sole employment that bitterest of all bitter amusements—recalling the past!

Austin Ambrose was his only companion, Austin leaving him only for short intervals which he spent in town.

Vigilant as a fox, untiring as a sleuth-hound, Austin kept continual watch and guard.

By a series of accidents, Fate had assisted his schemes, and he felt himself the winner almost already. A few turns more of the wheel and he would have Violet Granam at his feet.

Revenge is a powerful motor, so is the love of money but when they act together, then the man who harbors them is propelled like a steam engine—swiftly yet carefully, and therefore, barring accidents, surely.

Gradually, the long absent strength came back to Blair. As the doctor had said, he had a wonderful constitution, and it did more for him than anybody else could have done, and at last one morning he remarked, in the curt manner which had now become habitual to him:

"I shall go up to town, Austin."

"To town?" said Austin Ambrose, raising his eyebrows. "Do you think you are fit, my dear Blair?"

"Yes," replied Blair slowly. "I am sick of sitting here day after day, and lying here night after night. I think I could"—he paused, and smothered a sigh—"sleep in London. This place is so infernally quiet——"

"Very well. Only don't run any risks," said Austin.

Blair looked at him with a hard smile.

"If I thought I should run any risk, as you call it, I should go all the sooner. Will you wire and tell them at the Albany that I am coming?"

"I'll do better than that," said Austin, who did not by any means desire that their whereabouts should be known. "I'll run up and see that things are straight and comfortable for you, old man."

Blair looked at him moodily.

"I don't know why you take so much trouble for me, Austin," he said. "I've no claim upon you. You are not my brother ——"

"Wish I were, especially your elder brother!" said Austin, smiling, "then I should have all the Leyton property, and be the Earl of Ferrers, shouldn't I? Well, I don't know quite why I fuss over you; I've don't it so long that I can't get out of it, I suppose. It is wonderful the force of bad habit. So you have made up your mind to go to London? Well, heaps of fellows will be very glad, Violet Graham amongst them."

Blair frowned.

"Why should Violet Graham be glad?" he said coldly. "Why should anybody?"

"Oh, I don't know," Austin replied carelessly; "but I suppose they will. You always were popular, you know, my dear fellow."

So Mr. Ambrose, impelled by his extreme good nature and friendship for Lord Blair ran up to town first, and saw that the chambers were put straight, and the valet, who had been put on board-wages, and kept in complete ignorance of his master's movements, warned of Lord Blair's return.

And in the evening, after he had done all this, he went to Park Lane.

Violet Graham was still in London, although, like the last Rose of Summer, "all her companions" had gone. She had pressing invitations to county houses in England, Scotland, and Ireland,—shooting and fishing parties clamored for the presence of the popular heiress; but in vain.

She declared that she hated eating luncheon in wet turnip fields, and that fishing parties were a bore, and intended remaining in London, at any rate, for the present. The truth was that she could not tear herself away while there remained a chance of Blair's return.

She had not heard from or of him, and did not know whether he was in France, or Germany, or Italy; but not a day passed without her undergoing that suffering which a passionate woman endures in the absence of her heart's desire.

To the outer world, and to her intimate friends, Violet seemed to be the personification of lighthearted happiness; and it was only when she was alone, through the silent watches of the night, that the storm of disappointed love took possession of her, and, like an evil demon harassed and tortured her.

Blair's name never left her lips, but it was engraven on her heart in those letters of fire which burn and yet consume not.

Such a passion as Violet Graham's makes its victim a slave indeed.

It was the one absorbing purpose of life, the one bright flame which burns unquenchably.

Austin Ambrose found her sitting before the fire in the drawing room, crouching almost, her hands fixed in her lap, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals as if she were seeking the future in the red light; and she started and sprang up as he entered with an exclamation of surprise.

"Austin!" then she looked beyond him, as if she hoped and expected to see someone with him, and not seeing him, her face fell

"Well, Violet," he said, with his slow, calm smile.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, moving her hand towards a chair, "I thought you were dead!"

"I am alive," he answered, "and I have been wandering up and down like the gentleman mentioned in history. You are early with your fire, aren't you? It is quite warm out."

"It is quite cold within," she replied; "at least, I am cold, I always feel cold now. Well?" she added, with abrupt interrogation.

He smiled up at her.

"You want my news?" he said shortly.

"Yes! Where is he? Where is Blair?" she demanded, and as she spoke his name a red spot burned in either cheek, and her eyes grew hungry and impatient. "Why does he not come home or write? One would think you were both dead!"

"Blair is alive," he said, holding his hands to the fire, though he had said it was warm, and watching her with a sidelong look under the lowered lids. "He isn't dead, but he has been very nearly."

She uttered a faint cry, and put her hand to her heart.

"I knew it!" she murmured huskily, "I felt that something was wrong with him. Don't laugh at me,'" she went on fiercely, for the smile had crept into his face again, "I tell you I felt it. It was as if someone had passed over my grave. Blair nearly dead! And you never told me! What brutes men can be!" and the angry tears crowded into her eyes.

"Don't blame me," he said. "It was Blair's fault. I should have written and asked you to help me nurse him, but he wouldn't permit me to tell anyone, even the earl."

"But why not?" she demanded.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As well ask the wind why it blows north instead of south, or east, or west. Blair is whimsical; besides, he hates any fuss, and—forgive me, Violet—but he may have known that you would have made a fuss."

"I would have gone to him to the other end of the world, and have given my life to save his, if you call that making a fuss!" she retorted angrily.

"Exactly, and, that is just what Blair didn't want."

"Where was he, and what was it?" she asked, dashing the tears from her eyes with a gesture that was almost savage.

"He got a fever at Paris," said Austin, promptly. "It was a narrow squeak for him; but we pulled him through."

Violet's face went white and her lips shut tightly.

"'We!' Then—then she was with him? She is with him now?" and her hands clenched so that the nails ran into the soft, pink palms.

"She was," he answered gravely; "but she is not now."

"Not now!" she echoed, with a quick glance at the calm, set face? "Where is she then? Has he sent her away? Tell me, quick!"

"He has not sent her away, but she has gone. Violet, prepare yourself for a shock. The poor girl is dead!"

She sprang to her feet, and stood staring at him for a moment, then sank into her chair, a light of relief and joy, almost demoniacal in its intensity, spreading over her face.

"Dead! Dead, Austin?" hoarsely; "you are not—not playing with me!"

"Rather too serious a subject for joking, isn't it?" he responded coolly. "No, I am telling you the plain truth; the girl is dead!"

"When? How?" she demanded.

He was silent a second or two, then said quietly—

"Abroad! I don't think we need go into particulars, Violet."

She said nothing while one could count twenty, then she looked around at him with a glance half fearful.

"Did you—had you any hand——"

She could not finish the sentence.

He looked her full in the face and then let his eyes drop.

"Better not ask for any of the details, my dear Violet! Take the thing in its bare simplicity! If I had, as you delicately suggested, any hand in bringing about this delicate consummation you so devoutly desired, what would you say? Are you going to overwhelm me with reproaches and cover me with remorse?"

The two spots burned redly on her cheeks; then, as she turned and faced him, her face went very white.

"No! Do you think I have forgotten what you said? You asked me if I was prepared to separate them at any cost, and I answered 'at any cost!' I have not forgotten! I do not retract my words! I said what I meant——"

"Even if it meant—murder?" he asked coolly.

She shuddered and glanced towards the door fearfully, then she met his gaze defiantly.

"Yes, even if it meant murder."

He smiled at her thoughtfully.

"You are a wonderful woman, Violet," he said reflectively. "One would not expect a Lady Macbeth in a delicately made lady like yourself! You don't like the character. But don't be uneasy; there are other ways of disposing of a person who is inconveniently in the way than the dagger and poison cup! The way is——"

She put out her hand.

"Don't tell me."

He laughed sardonically.

"I told you you would not want details," he said, "and you are wise to let the fact suffice. Margaret Hale is dead, and Blair is free."

"Free!" she murmured. "Free!" and she drew a long sigh. "Where is he?"

"On his way to London," he replied. "He will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes," he said promptly. "But I do not know that he will find his way to Park Lane quite so quickly."

"No?" scornfully.

"No, not just at first. You see, Blair has been through a rather heavy mill, and he is—well, to put it shortly—rather crushed."

"I understand!"

"Yes"—slowly—"I imagine that he will fight shy of all his old acquaintances for a time, women especially. Why, he can scarcely bring himself to say half-a-dozen civil words to me, his best friend."

"His best friend!" she murmured.

His best friend," he repeated, with emphasis. "So that one must not expect too much from him just yet. In a week or two he will come round, and you will find him only too glad to drop in for afternoon tea."

She looked at him quickly, for there seemed a hidden meaning in his words, commonplace as they were.

He nodded.

"Yes, just that. He will drop in some afternoon, and you will, of course, greet him as if you had parted from him only the night before. Make a fuss over him, and he will be off like a frightened hare, and you will lose him. But just receive him with the politeness due to an ordinary acquaintance, and he will not be alarmed. He will get accustomed to dropping in and —and"—he smiled significantly—"any further hint would be superfluous."

She sat silently regarding the fire, with this new hope, the news of Margaret's death, shining softly in her eyes, and he sat watching her.

"What fools women are!" she murmured at last.

"I would rather you said that than I;" and he laughed softly.

"We are like children," she went on. "The one thing denied to us, that is the thing we must have and cry our eyes out for! I wish—I wish that I were dead or had no heart!"

"The two things are synonymous," he said. "Without a heart one indeed, might as well be dead."

She looked at him with momentary interest and curiosity.

"They say that you have no heart, Austin."

"But you know that I have," he replied at once. "But we won't talk about my heart, it is a matter of such little consequence, isn't it? And now I think I will go. I have come like the messenger with good tidings, and my presence is now superfluous. You will see Blair shortly. I need scarcely hint that not a word of the past should escape your lips."

He spoke as carelessly and coolly as usual but his eyes watched hers closely as he waited for her answer.

"No, no," she said, "I will say nothing about—her," and she shuddered.

"Certainly not. Take care you do not. It is gruesome work raising spectres, and I warn you that to speak of Margaret Hale to Blair would be to raise a spectre which will send him from your side at once."

She sighed and bit her lips.

"He—he cared for her so much?" she murmured huskily.

Austin shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell? I suppose so. Certainly, he raved about her enough. But all that is past, you know; the girl is dead, and Time—which, so they say, will wipe out anything save an I O U—will erase her from his memory!"

He got his hat, and stood looking down at her slight figure as she sat leaning forward over the fire.

Then she glanced up and caught his eyes.

With a little start, she rose and held out her hand.

"I—I do not know what to say to you, Austin," she said falteringly. "To speak of gratitude seems a mere formal way of expressing what I feel. You have done me a great service——" she stopped and hesitated, embarrassed by his steadfast gaze. If there is anything I can do——"

He shook his head.

"No," he said, with a smile, "there is nothing you can do for me, thanks, except win the day and be happy."

"And—and yet you spoke of—hinted at —some possible reward?" she said, wondering whether she should offer him money.

"Are you dying to make me a present of, say—a thousand pounds?" he said, laughing softly. "I am sorry to baulk your generous intentions, but I do not want money —at present. I am not rich, excepting in the sense that the man whose requirements are small is never poor. No, I do not want your money, Violet. Some day I may—I only say, I may—come to you and remind you of my share in this little business. Perhaps I may never do so; but, at any rate, your bare 'I thank you,' will reward me sufficiently now."

"Then, I thank you!" she said.

He pressed her hand, looked into her eyes with the same half-comical smile, and then left her.

CHAPTER XXV.

BLAIR came back to town, thin, and pale, and haggard, with only one desire in his heart: to forget the past and kill the present! He had been wild and reckless as a youth, and it had only been his love for Margaret that had checked him in his road to ruin.

If she had still been by his side, he would have swung round and become one of the steadiest of men—she would have been his saving and guardian angel. But he had lost her, and with her all that had made life worth living.

Not once, but a thousand times he had lamented the fact that he was still alive, and that the blow Jem Pyke had dealt him had not been a fatal one. But he was alive—alive, without an object on earth to make life worth living, with a memory of all he had lost, which proved a daily, hourly torture to him.

If he had been a good young man, there might have been some hope for him; but poor Blair had never been good, saving for those few short which he and Margaret had spent together.

So he came back to the old life in London, hating it with a weariness bitter as death, and yet not knowing of any other way in which to kill time and escape from the past.

As Austin had said, his friends were glad to see him, but they were aghast at the change which a few weeks had wrought in the old light-hearted Blair; and the pace he was going alarmed even the most reckless of them.

They dared not ask him any questions, for there was something about him, a touch of savageness and smothered bitterness in his manner which warned them that any display of curiosity would be resented.

"I can't make Blair out," said Lord Aldmere to Colonel Floyd.

It was at a well known club which does not open its doors until well regulated people have gone to bed.

"What he has been doing, Heaven only knows," he went on, "but I never saw a man so changed. Why, it was only this summer that he was in the best of form, bright as a—a star, don't you know, and now—look at him!" he concluded, glancing across the room at Blair, as he sat moodily over the fire, a big cigar in his mouth, his haggard face drooping on his breast, his sad eyes fixed gloomily on the ground. "Never saw such a change in a man in all my life."

"He has been ill, you know," said the colonel, eyeing the drooping, listless figure with a troubled regard; "had a fever and all that sort of thing."

"Yes—I know," said the marquis, stammeringly, "but other fellows have had fever, they don't cut up like that. I had the fever—no I think it was measles, or mumps, or something, but I pulled around all right, and was as jolly as a sandboy after all. It isn't the fever that's done it, Floyd; there's something else, depend upon it. Where has he been all this time; nobody knows exactly."

"You'd better ask him," said the colonel, with grim irony.

"Ask him!" stuttered the marquis; "I daresay! I expect I should get my head snapped off! Some fellow said something about Paris yesterday, and turning to Blair, said—'But you were there then, weren't you, Blair?' and Blair just turned and glared at him as if he were going to eat him! No, by George, you bet I don't ask him for anything!"

"Perhaps you'd better not," assented the colonel. "Discretion is the better part of valor. But he isn't always like this, is he?" he asked in an undertone.

"No, not always," said Aldmere. "He'll wake up presently and pull himself together, and then he'll go into the dining room and order some dinner, and as like as not when it comes he'll march out and leave it. I've seen him do it two or three times, by Jove, and then later on he'll take a big drink, and when he's livened up a bit, he will then go down to the Green Table."

The colonel whistled.

The Green Table was a fashionable gaming club, and the proprietor might appropriately have inscribed over its handsome stone doorway, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here!" for many a man had found cause to rue the hour in which he passed its portals.

There was no more dangerous place in all London than the Green Table, and Colonel Floyd's whistle was not by any means superfluous.

"And does he win?"

"Sometimes, but not often," replied the marquis. "Loses four nights out of five. Seems to have lost his game, too. You know how good he was at most things? First rate all round man, you know. But now he seems to have lost his head, and plays like a man in a dream. I saw him miss two points at baccarat last night. Poor old Blair!"

"Poor old Blair!" echoed the Colonel. "Can't something be done?"

The marquis shook his head sadly.

"Who could do anything? In the old times, Blair was as good-natured a fellow at you'd meet in a day's walk; but; by George! as I said you dare not speak to him now. If one of us were to drop a word signifying that he was going to the devil—well, by jingo! he'd send us there ourselves, and pretty sharp."

"I suppose it was some love affair?" said the colonel.

"Don't know. Perhaps so. There is one fellow who could tell us, and that's that fellow Ambrose.

The colonel made a grimace.

"I hate that fellow more than ever," he said. "He's back, too, by the way. Shouldn't wonder if he's been with Blair all the time, and isn't in some way or other, in the business. I never thought that fellow up to much."

"Don't see what harm he could be up to," said the young marquis. "And so the fair Violet won't go down to Scotland, this autumn—eh, Floyd?"

"No," said the colonel ruefully; "and so I can't, either, confound it! Not that there seems much use in hanging about, for one cannot get even a civil word from her lately."

"They say," whispered the marquis, "that she is still sweet on Blair."

The colonel glanced over at him and shrugged his shoulders.

"Then she's wasting that same sweetness on desert air Aldy, for to my certain knowledge he hasn't been near Park Lane since he came back. Hallo, talk of the devil—here is that fellow!"

For Austin had entered the room in his peculiar noiseless fashion, and bestowing a nod upon the colonel and the marquis, crossed the room to Blair's chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECCENTRIC PUNCTUATION.

A man who was suddenly taken sick, "hastened home while every means for his recovery was resorted to. In spite of all their efforts he died in the triumps of the Christian religion."

"A man was killed by a railroad car running in Boston, supposed to be deaf."

"We have decided to erect a schoolhouse large enough to accomodate 500 scholars, five stories high.

An old addition of a geography has this: "Albany has four hundred inhabitahts, all standing with their gable ends to the street."

A steamboat captain advertising an excursion says: "Tickets twenty-five cents children half price, to be had at the office."

Coroner's verdict: "That A. B. came to his death by excessive drinking, produc-apolexy in the minds of the jury."

"Wanted, a saddle horse for a lady weighing about nine hundred and fifty pounds."

A hotel was thus advertised: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the landlord, Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

On a certain railway the following luminous direction was printed: "Hereafter, when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on seperate lines, conductors and engineers will be requested to bring their trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed each other."

An Iowa editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

Over a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro receive twenty-five lashes. Half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

An aged widower got married recently for the fourth time, notwithstanding that he had a house full of grown-up children. While the marriage ceremony was being performed audible weeping could be heard in the back room. One of the guests who had heard the sobs asked one of the children who it was. "That's Emily," was the reply; "she always howls when papa gets married again."

Bric-a-Brac.

MORTGAGING FARMS.—A peculiar system of mortgaging farms is used in Switzerland. A farmer may borrow of a dozen successively, the simple record of an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of debtors and calling on each in his order to assume all the debts and manage the farm or step aside and lose his claim.

WHERE MADE.—Russian leather is made in Connecticut; Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California; Italian marble is quarried in Kentucky; French lace is woven in New York; Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts; English cassimere is made in New Hampshire; Parisian art work comes from a shop in Boston; Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Chicago.

THE SPIDER.—The parental love of the spider is very strong. The female carries, suspended on her legs, a small bag containing the eggs, which resemble white glass beads. A spider was once found whose back was entirely covered with her young. On trying to shake them off, they attached themselves to their mother by a thread; and, on throwing her to the ground, she remained perfectly quiet until they had all pulled themselves back by means of the extemporized cable over her body as before.

FLOATING GARDENS.—The floating gardens of the rivers of Cashmere are formed by the long sedges being interwoven into a mat, earth being superimposed thereupon and the stalks finally cut under water, thus loosing them from the bottom of the lake; they are usually about twenty to twelve yards in size. A dishonest Cashmerian will sometimes tow his neighbor's garden away from its moorings, which generally includes cucurbitaceous fruits and vegetables, and a fine description of large [illegible].

BEES AND PIGEONS.—Bees and homing pigeons recently raced between Ham and Rhynern, Belgium. The towns are an hour's race apart, the bet was that twelve bees would beat twelve pigeons in making the distance. Four drones and eight working bees were well powdered with flour and released at the same instant with the pigeons at Rhynern. A drone reached home four seconds in advance of the first pigeon; the three other drones and one pigeon came in neck and neck, the eight working bees came in just a trifle, about a length ahead of the ten pigeons.

THE TEETH.—The practice of dentistry is of great antiquity, for as early as 500 B. C. gold was used for stopping teeth and gold wire was employed to hold artificial teeth in position, and it does not seem then to have been a new art. Herodotus declares that Egyptians had a knowledge of the diseases of the teeth and their treatment. In the writings of Martial (first century) a man is mentioned as either stopping or extracting teeth; but he specified that he would not polish false teeth with powder. The date of the introduction of artificial teeth into England or Europe is uncertain. The "Mathematical Jewel," published in 1585, contains an account of Sir John Blagrave, who caused all his teeth to be drawn out and after had a set of ivory teeth inserted.

WINNING A BRIDE.—An Italian paper describes the Greek colonies which exist in many parts of Calabria. They were originally settlements of the Albanians and Epirotes who, about three centuries ago, founded new homes on Italian soil. A marriage in one of these colonies has several old Greek features. On the wedding-day the bridegroom, accompanied by a troop of young men carrying a banner, appears before the bride's house, and knocks loudly at the door. The door is at once flung open, and the bride, in her long wedding garment, is seen on the threshold. She wears a coronet of flowers, and she and her bridesmaids join the procession of the young men and walk to the church. The marriage is celebrated after the Greek ritual. The wedding party then marches to the house of the husband. Here the wife hesitates at the threshold, and affects a dread of entering. The mother-in-law appears, however, to welcome her, embraces her new daughter, and places a sugared almond in the young wife's mouth. This is the sign that she may henceforward regard herself as the true house-mistress. She crosses the threshold, and the whole party follows.

ANOTHER DAY.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Another day is slowly waning,
Sinks the sun within the West,
And sorrow still supreme is reigning,
Love, within my troubl'd breast.

I count the moments coming—dying—
Watch the deep'ning shadows fall,
And still my heart for thee is sighing—
Thee, who art my all-in-all!

Another day—the morn is breaking!
Love, my heart is breaking too!
For Hope is now my side forsaking,
Where so long it sweetly grew!

For thee I wait, for thee, Love, only,
Faint am I with haunting fears!
O come! for I am sad and lonely,
And the moments seem like years!

LOYAL AND TRUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO LOVERS—TWO LOVES," "MURIEL'S FRIEND," "AN INNOCENT ESCAPE," "CARRIED BY STRATAGEM," "A SPIRIT OF PEACE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NOT many years ago, a young princess was held captive in a most dreary prison.

Her name was Archibel Lindsay, her dominion a few miles of barren Scottish moorland on which stood a strong square castle, the gray walls of which were washed by the blue waters of Loch Fyne; and the prison in which she was kept in durance was an elegant modern villa at Clapham.

She was guarded by a dragon and a stern old fairy, and she pined and chafed within the walls of her prison-house, and longed for a fairy knight to come and rescue her and bring light and love and beauty into her life.

Archibel Lindsay was an orphan, and the dragon and the cruel old fairy were her guardians, Mr. Crane of Lincoln's Inn and her aunt, Mrs. Thompson, her father's only sister living in England.

Her mother had been Archibella McKechnie, the heiress of the McKechnies of Castle Kechnie—a name which had a grand sound to Lowland ears, and a grander meaning still in Highland ones, for it meant gentle birth and long descent and noble traditions.

Archibella had married Captain Lindsay, had gone to India with him, and died there when her little girl was born.

The hot Indian sun did not suit the Highland blood, once braced by the fresh winds that blow down Loch Fyne; and little Archibel was sent home at once to Mrs. Thompson, whose maiden name had been Rachel Lindsay, and who lived at Grosvenor Villa, Clapham.

Aunt Rachel was delighted to have the child placed in her care—she had been unfortunate in her married life, having lost her two children by scarlet fever.

Mrs. Thompson had very strong ideas as to the proper training of children, and, having been deprived of her own, she could now experiment to her heart's content upon Archibel.

Her brother never interfered; he was quite satisfied by her monthly reports of the child's progress, and when, at his death, just before Archibel's twelfth birthday, she found herself constituted the girl's guardian jointly with Mr. Crane, her powers were no fuller than they had been all these years.

Her husband was dead, and she had now no object in life beyond Archibel's good, and she honestly meant to do well by her.

She was not really unkind, but her rule was strict.

She however forgot that Archibel was a McKechnie by her mother's side, and had hot, fierce Highland blood mingled with the calmer Lindsay stream in her veins, and that she might as well expect vines to flourish on Ben Voirlich as to see her niece become an ordinary middle-class young lady.

Archibel was well educated according to the canons of Clapham Common.

She had had a very superior governess indeed—one who had "finished several families of the aristocracy," and who in her old age, not having succeeded in making her fortune by instructing the aristocracy, was glad to devote the remnant of her energies to teaching Archibel.

She was the very grimmest and driest and primmest of governesses, the last one would expect from whom a girl could imbibe romantic fancies, and yet she was the first to feed Archibel's inborn craving after romance.

The girl learnt her lessons carefully and forgot them again, but she never forgot one word that Miss Benson told her about her one titled pupil, Lady Imelda Daere.

Miss Benson never wearied of talking about Lady Imelda, and Archibel never tired of listening.

The was something so fascinating in the mere fact that this girl was called my lady, and lived in a grand mansion, and had horses and a phaeton at her own disposal, and a lover who composed a waltz and called it "The Lady Imelda," and who was presented at Court, and who married a marquis when she was eighteen.

Lady Imelda's life was really as prosaically monotonous as Archibel's, but, told again and again by her admiring governess, it became like a fairy-tale for brilliance and picturesqueness.

Archibel told none of her thoughts and day-dreams, but all through her girlhood there ran a hidden golden stream of fancy and longing.

Would there ever be any one who would love her, and write poetry about her, and dedicate music to her?

The thought of marriage did not cross her mind, but she did so wish she might have a lover. If only she were not so very plain!

For Mrs. Thompson never ceased to deplore her rapid growth, with its result of angular lankiness, and her rough red hair; and Archibel looked at herself anxiously in her glass, and wondered if her mouth would ever grow smaller and her cheeks rounder and pinker and her hair smoother and darker, and if her nose by much manipulation would ever be coaxed down from its present tip-tiltedness.

She had her ideal of female loveliness, for Mrs. Thompson had many portraits of fashionable beauties in her drawing-room, and all of them had aquiline noses and oval faces and swan-like necks and luxuriant tresses.

No—it was quite impossible that she should ever have a lover, whether poet, knight, musician, or marquis.

She was seventeen, and in another year she must "come out," and there was not time in twelve short months for such manifold changes to be worked in her personal appearance.

Archibel knew that far away in Scotland there was some land that had belonged for many generations to her forefathers, and which would some day probably belong to her, but she knew almost nothing of Castle Kechnie and her heiress-ship, Mrs. Thompson never mentioning the matter, thinking it might make the child unduly proud and probably wilful if she took it into her head that she was a great lady and independent of her relations.

Archibel never troubled herself about such questions as ways and means—she simply accepted the fact that, as she had no parents, she must live with her aunt, and knew nothing about either dependence or independence.

Mrs. Thompson, like the rest of suburban gentility, left Clapham Common every summer for a month or two's holiday, but only to exchange the populous cockney suburb for the crowded hotels of Harrowgate, Scarborough, or Buxton.

In the summer of Archibel's eighteenth year she received an invitation which for once interrupted the even tenor of her course.

Her only sister, Lady Featherstonehaugh, returned to England from some out-of-the-way Pacific island where her husband was acting as governor.

She was a lady held in such esteem as almost amounted to adoring reverence by her sister, who had become by marriage a mere Mrs. Thompson.

Her health had not been good of late and she had been recommended to try a year of northern air.

Her husband being detained at his post, she was therefore obliged to come home alone.

Lady Featherstonehaugh loathed the idea of Clapham, and she also shrank from solitude.

She had no children, so she wrote to her sister and asked her to come and stay with her at Ashlands, a small country house that Sir Henry's agent had taken for her for a year.

She also requested that poor Arthur's little girl might come too.

Mrs. Thompson was vexed that she should have to give up her trip to Harrowgate, on which she was on the very point of setting off; but Lady Featherstonehaugh's invitation was like a royal command.

Besides, Rachel really wished to see her sister; and she reflected that Archibel was very nearly grown up, and it would be well if the child were to be withdrawn for a season from the world, that she might burst upon society the next year, radiant with the charm of novelty.

She was quite old enough to get nonsense into her head if she were allowed to mix with "come-out" girls, and this year she really could not be treated any longer as a child, she was so very tall.

Ashlands was the dullest of dull places—there was not the faintest chance of her learning any nonsense there, thought Mrs. Thompson.

Archibel was charmed with the idea—the name of Ashlands Manor had filled her mind with a vision of gray gables and moss-grown tiles, a moat perhaps, and a ghost.

It was therefore a grievous disappointment when she was taken to a new white-stone mansion of the Victorian plate-glass and gray-slate style, and it was a further surprise when she met her aunt Constance, whom she expected to find a gentle fragile lady, like a tropical flower, and who turned out to be a tall dark woman with a loud voice, an imperious manner, and a determination that every one should bow down before her and meekly take the place appointed by her.

Archibel was very glad indeed when she found that her allotted place was theoretically the nursery or schoolroom—practically there was neither nursery nor schoolroom, nurse nor governess in the house.

Archibel dined when her aunts lunched; she had tea with the housekeeper when the ladies were out driving, and went to bed at nine.

All through the day she might amuse or occupy herself as she liked, so long as she did not roam beyond a certain radius from the house.

"She could not be in a safer place," aunt Constance declared, when Rachel, unused to the country, expressed some nervous doubts. "There is positively not an accident of any kind that can happen to her. She is as safe as if she were in her schoolroom at Clapham."

So Archibel revelled in the delights of ferny woods and heathery hillsides, farmyards, corn-fields, and sparkling, tumbling brooks.

Everything was so new to her, most of all the liberty, that she even forgot her dreams.

How could she wish and long for shadowy knights and adventures when her mind was full of new sensations and interests, tangible realities like cows and dogs, trees and wild-flowers?

It happened that one day, wandering through a wood, she lost her way, and was beginning to feel a little uneasy—for there really did not seem to be a human being near from whom she could ask assistance—when she came softly, unseen and unheard, upon a man painting under an umbrella.

Had she met him face to face, she would have asked him which was her way home simply and fearlessly; but, seeing him seated, his back turned towards her, unconscious of her presence, absorbed in his work, she paused in shy irresolution.

What could she do? She could not go up to him and touch him, she could not call him, for she did not know his name, so she stood to consider.

While thus standing, she saw that the stranger was a young man with a handsome face, and thick wavy brown hair, with ruddy gleams where the sunbeams caught it. He was wearing a brown velveteen coat and a soft felt hat.

As Archibel advanced a step, the rustling of the leaves betrayed her presence. The artist looked round, and saw a maiden in a white frock, with luxuriant red-gold hair and startled eyes, her cheeks aflame for the moment with health and shyness.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered, as she stood gazing at the picture he was painting. "May I look?" she faltered.

"At my daub?" he asked, smiling, quite relieved that she had spoken, for she had startled him as much as he had startled her. "You would honor it to much by glancing at it," he added. "I was only trying to catch the lights on those hills there."

"It is beautiful," Archibel murmured in ignorant reverence, for it really was not much of a sketch—a dark wood above which the red-tiled roof of a mansion gleamed in the sunshine, a park flecked with light and shade, the river darkling in the foreground under hanging trees. "It is Milham!" she exclaimed.

"I am glad you can recognize it," he said, laughing. "It's a fine old place, is it not?"

"Yes; you should go and look over it."

"I look over it very often. I am staying there!" he returned, smiling again.

"Oh!"

Archibel paused, overcome by a feeling of awe. Milham Hall belonged to Lord Bennington, who was Lord-Lieutenant, and a very great person indeed.

"Yes," he explained; "the Benningtons are in town, and they have allowed me to come to copy some of the famous chalk drawings."

"Are you an artist?" Archibel asked innocently, much puzzled as to her companion's social status.

"You pay me a very dubious compliment," he said. "Do you think my work so very amateurish?"

"I don't know—it is very nice," Archibel answered hurriedly. "I meant are you painting as an artist or do you work as an artist? I hope I am not rude!" she said, blushing.

"I am an artist, and I paint for the love of it."

Archibel knew that she must seem impertinent, and would for one moment have liked to run away and hide amongst the trees.

Nothing had been more strictly impressed upon her than that it was unpardonably rude to ask questions.

She had never been taught that she must not speak to strange young men in a wood, because such a situation as the present had never entered the mind of her guardians, so she did not know that in the mere fact of speaking there was any harm.

She was deeply interested; she wanted to know more of this handsome youth who seemed to have dropped from the clouds; it was so delightful to speak to a real artist.

She had forgotten all about time, and that she must be at home by two o'clock.

"I should like to be an artist," she said, half to herself. "I used to think I would rather be a poet than anything else, but it must be pleasant to be able to paint pictures. Do you always sketch landscapes?"

He began to feel amused by her curiosity, and he now looked at her with more interest.

According to his standard of beauty this girl was beautiful.

She had the dull ruddy hair and pallid cheeks of a Burne-Jones ideal; in her lanky height and angularity she was nearer the ideal than she would be in a year or two, when her figure became more developed. He was flattered by the freshness and genuineness of her reverence for the art.

"I paint both landscape and figures," he answered. "Art is very beautiful, but not more so than poetry. I have made some attempts at poetry also."

"Have you?" was all Archibel could say.

"If you live here, I suppose you know the Corots and the Botticelli at Milham?" he said.

She had never heard of Corot, nor had she heard of Botticelli—the names had no meaning for her; but the first part of his sentence reminded her that she was far from home, and must be returning.

"I am staying at Ashlands," she said. "I must go back; it is late, and I am a long way from the house."

And with a timid "Good morning" she turned and hastened away.

CHAPTER II.

ARCHIBEL had not the faintest intention of keeping her adventure a secret—indeed, she wanted to know on good authority whether she had really been too inquisitive, and she also wanted aunt Rachel—that most unimaginative of women—to assist her in conjecturing about the unknown and handsome artist.

But, when she went, tired and hot, into the dining-room, her aunts were too full of a more engrossing topic even to remark upon her untidiness or to ask where she had been.

There was company coming to Ashlands that very day, relations of Lady Featherstonehaugh's by her marriage—Mr. and Miss Brown.

Archibel's expectation, raised high by the news, died within her when she heard the name.

She asked no questions, feeling no interest—such visitors could in no way affect her mode of life.

She had instantly assumed that they were an elderly bachelor and his sister, and of course they would not look to her for entertainment or companionship.

So she went on eating her dinner and thinking about her artist-acquaintance while her aunts talked kindly to each other.

She did hear stray words now and then—"James Brown"—what a name!—"good sound firm," "Manchester," and so on.

Then she was told to be dressed and waiting in the drawing-room at five, at which she was surprised, and after that she was sent to practice for two hours.

She played scales and Czerny's exercises, and then two gavottes by Gluck, and worked hard at the Pastoral Sonata; but all through each of them the same refrain ring—

"Did he think me rude? Shall I see him again, and, if so, when and where?"

At five she was dressed and in the drawing-room, no longer the white-frocked girl who had lost her way in the wood, but a prim young lady in a black-and-white check dress too small for her, and with an embarrassing uncertainty as to what she ought to do with her feet and elbows.

She was alone; aunt Constance was still in her room, and aunt Rachel had driven to the railway-station to meet her guests.

How tiresome and absurd it was that she should have to share in the reception of two old things like these Browns!

She took up a book to while away the time, but she could not fix her mind upon it. She could only think and dream and wonder if anything more would happen.

She was startled from her reverie by the entrance of Mrs. Thompson, who was followed by a girl in a closely-fitting tweed jacket and tailor-made gown, and by a young man in a light-colored suit.

"This is my niece, Archibel Lindsay," said Mrs. Thompson, addressing her guests; then, turning, she added, "Archibel, these are Jane and James Brown. I hope you will all get on together."

"What a stupid, countrified little thing she looks!" Mrs. Thompson thought, as Archibel opened her great eyes in mute surprise and incredulity, and stammered a few incoherent, hardly-audible words in answer to Jane Brown's pleasant greeting. "I should have let her see people sooner—one never knows what may happen; and James Brown would be such an excellent match!"

"Poor child—how shy she is!" thought Jane, who had been "out" for two years and had plenty of confidence.

"What a lovely girl!" thought her brother. "But what can she see in Jenny and me to frighten her so?"

He was rather flattered at seeing what an unwonted impression he had made, for he was a commonplace little man, and unused to being received with any flutter of awe or agitation.

Then this girl was so very far from commonplace—so unlike the girls he met in Manchester. He did not notice her ill-made check gown; he did not notice what difficulty she had in disposing of her elbows.

He saw nothing but the dark-gray eyes with the innocent wonder in them, and the rich rough gold of her hair, and he thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The evening passed rather drearily. Lady Featherstonehaugh slept in her arm-chair until bed-time; the presence of royalty itself would scarcely have availed to keep her awake.

Mrs. Thompon went through a series of naps, each ending with a sudden startled waking-up and a brief dash into the conversation that she supposed to be going on.

Jenny Brown got out her crewels and talked to Archibel, who tried hard to answer politely while her thoughts roamed about the wood and Milham Hall; and she wondered what her artist was doing this lovely evening, and what he would do tomorrow; whether he had finished his

sketch; would he go back again to the wood and would she ever see him?

James Brown was almost as silent as the slumbering old ladies.

There was a sleepy spell about the place which he liked. He watched Archibel as she sat in the bay-window, her bright head against a background of pale-green sky, her hands clasped idly on her knee.

What could she be dreaming about? What secrets were hidden in the depths of those purple-gray eyes? Not a love-story, surely—she was too young and childish! It seemed to him, who yesterday thought mills and ledgers the only things in life worth living for, that thenceforth he had but one hope and one aim in life worth striving for—to read the secrets of those lovely eyes and to see them brighten or soften for him.

Archibel was sorely dismayed the next morning to find that for the present her solitary rambles were at an end.

Expeditions must be organized for the amusement of the guests.

They must visit Luton Rocks, Highminster Cathedral, the Burnham waterfall, and a host of other "sights" in the neighborhood.

Her attention drifted away from her aunts' programme. How lovely it would be in the wood this morning—how cool and sweet and quiet.

And how nice it would be to see that drawing finished! Then she started suddenly.

"Come and get your hat on, Archibel! I don't think you have ever been to Milham Hall."

"Are we going there?" she asked, shrinking back.

"Yes—don't be so shy, child! The Benningtons are not at home, or we could not see over the house."

Archibel, who a moment ago was wishing to go to the wood where she believed her hero was to be found, felt an agony of shame at the idea of going to the house where she was sure that he would not be; but she was quite powerless to raise any objection. It was decreed—she must obey.

"Put on your pink frock," Mrs. Thompson said.

But, when Archibel surveyed herself on the completion of her toilet, a new-born artist impulse told her that the fresh crisp pink frock clashed hideously with her tawny hair.

She took it off and arrayed herself in the tumbled white one she had worn yesterday, and joined the others with a tremulous hope that she would be ordered to stay at home in punishment for her disobedience, and as a person entirely unworthy to consort with such elegantly-clad ladies as her aunts and Miss Brown.

"Archibel, did you not hear me?" said Mrs. Thompson severely when she appeared. "I cannot take you in that dirty old gown."

"Isn't it all right?" asked James, coming unexpectedly to the rescue. "I think it is very pretty."

"Well, white is nice for young people," agreed aunt Rachel, mollified by his approbation. "Come, Archibel."

Archibel could not help casting an angry glance at innocent Jim.

She took her place in the carriage, hardly speaking to any of them, but sat with a mist of tears before her eyes, and a melancholy drooping at the corners of her mouth.

They drove past the very wood in which she wanted to walk, and she could not even try to see through the trees, because Jenny's sunshade was in the way.

Milham Hall was a substantially-built Queen Anne house — red-walled, with windows of all shapes and sizes, and a high roof tinted with warm russet and rich olive.

There were terraces along which ladies had walked in brocade and powder, and long alleys between close-clipped yew hedges leading to trysting-places where lovers had often met in the twilight.

Archibel followed the others up the broad steps into the hall.

"What would he think if he saw us here!" she said to herself. "What a set of vulgar, staring cockneys he would think us—aunt Rachel in that horrid beaded cloak, and aunt Constance in her shining satin! He has houses like this to live in, and we only come to stare at them. How I wish he would come sight-seeing to Castle Kechnie when I live there!"

Lord Bennington's housekeeper took them through the rooms describing everything of interest with mechanical accuracy and long-practiced glibness.

"She thinks we are all quite abashed by so much grandeur," Archibel thought angrily. "She thinks we were none of us ever in a great house before. I wish she knew about Castle Kechnie."

Archibel herself had never thought much about Castle Kechnie until to-day.

Was she not a Lindsay, descended from Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and was not her mother a McKechnie? She felt a great longing to say to the housekeeper, "This is all very nice in its way, but a mere mushroom of a villa compared with my Highland castle that has stood storm and siege for nearly a thousand years. The Benningtons are only mushroom aristocracy compared with the McKechnies of Castle Kechnie."

Lady Featherstonehaugh and Mrs. Thompson took much more interest in gossiping with the housekeeper about the living Benningtons than in hearing legends of the dead ones, and Archibel was wishing she could slip away unperceived, when they all came to the entrance of the picture-gallery.

It was a long room, and at the farther end there stood an easel, before which a man was sitting.

"It is my lady's nephew, Mr. Oswin Thorold!" explained the housekeeper. "He comes here to paint."

"Oh, we won't disturb the young gentleman!" said Mrs. Thompson hastily. "There is nothing to see here, Mr. Brown—only a lot of black-looking pictures. What a very bare-looking place it is! It quite makes me shiver!"

The artist heard them come into the gallery, and looked round at them. Archibel hid herself behind Mr. Thompson's ample back.

He looked away immediately, and went on with his painting.

As Archibel followed the party down the long drawing-room James Brown came to her side.

"You look tired, Miss Lindsay," he said. "These gloomy old houses are depressing, are they not? One feels as if one might meet a ghost at any corner, or come upon a trap-door that would open suddenly and swallow one up."

"How I wish a trap-door would open and swallow them all up!" Archibel thought unkindly.

Then, when the others went on to the balcony, she slipped out of the room.

She had not the faintest intention of returning to the picture-gallery; Mr. Oswin Thorold—what a pretty name—how different from common James Brown!—was the very last person whom she wanted to see.

She only desired to be alone and feast her eyes upon the loveliness of the old house—its soft lights and shadows, its time-tinted carvings.

After wandering through two or three rooms she was amazed, on softly pushing aside a heavy curtain, to find herself in what seemed to be another picture-gallery—an exact duplicate of the first except that, instead of the easel being placed at the farther end and the artist's back being to her, the easel now stood just beyond the curtain, and the artist was facing her.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing, and just about to drop the curtain and fly, when she saw that he recognised her.

"Pray come in!" he said.

Greatly confused, she advanced a few steps and glanced at his canvas, where she saw only the outline of a figure; then she looked up at his model, a portrait of a thin, angular young woman.

"Why are you copying this one?" Archibel asked, much surprised.

"It is the gem of the collection," Thorold replied. "It is the Botticelli."

"What is a Botticelli?" she inquired. "Is she dead?"

"Botticelli was one of the very few men who ever knew how to paint a picture."

Archibel was silenced for a few moments—how very ignorant he must think her!

She thought Botticelli was the name of the girl's nationality; she was bewildered too by hearing that the noble army of painters was so small—she had learnt the names of so many, and knew what were the principal works of some—but she did not like to contradict his assertion.

He had caused her to suffer a pang of shame by exposing her ignorance of Botticelli.

"I don't understand it," was all she said in her meekness; "and I think I should enjoy most to paint something pretty—like this"—going up to a sweet little Greuze.

Thorold paused to watch her as she stood in the soft amber sunshine that came into the gallery through pale tinted glass and lighted up the warm gold of her hair.

"Would you mind taking off your hat?" he asked impulsively.

She looked surprised, and, thinking that it perhaps interfered with his light, she complied with his request.

"I wish you would let me paint you!" he said, after a moment's pause.

"Paint me?" she repeated.

"Yes; you make a perfect picture as you stand there. You don't live far off—can you not come and give me sittings sometimes?"

She was frightened, and not flattered, for she was so fully convinced of her lack of beauty that she could only account for his wish to paint her by supposing that he liked fantastic or even repulsive subjects, such as the Botticelli was to her uncultured taste.

"I should not like it at all," she answered, her face deeply flushed.

"I should not call the picture by your name," he said, "if you dislike publicity. I shall call it—you shall help me to choose a name for it—something that means youth and innocence and beauty. How would you like 'A Lent Lily'? It is a flower which belongs to the youth of the year, you know, and is beautiful and fragile and tender—like you," he added with his eyes.

Was it possible that any human being blessed with sight could deem her beautiful?

Could he be laughing at her? But no—there was truth in his clear blue eyes and in his rich mellow voice.

"Should I have to come here to be painted?" she asked, her whole frame thrilling with a strange new sensation.

She felt as an ugly princess in a fairy tale might feel when suddenly transformed into a beauty; and she somehow could not realise that it was her own plain features that were being so extolled.

She longed to see in a mirror what had happened; she did not quite expect to see the white Scotch face she knew, with its high cheek-bones and rough red hair above.

"It would be best," he replied. "Could you come?"

"Would it be necessary for me to come often?" she asked hesitatingly, though her heart told her that it would be a joy beyond all imagining to visit him.

"I could make three or four sittings do, if you really could not give me more. You seem to have plenty of liberty; I have seen you twice alone. Yet I suppose you don't live alone?"

Archibel explained her position in the Ashlands household.

"I could come sometimes," she concluded; "but I should never know when those times would be. We have people staying with us. Besides, the servants here would think it strange."

He considered a few moments, then he said:

"Do you know the little hermitage in the wood—an octagon with a quaint belfry above? Goodness knows what is the raison d'etre of the belfry! Can you come there in the morning at ten or eleven—and other mornings?"

"I will if I can."

"I shall be there always at ten; come when you can."

"I think I hear my friends seeking me," she observed, starting guiltily at the sound of voices.

The next moment the door was opened and admitted the neat little figure of James Brown.

"Oh, you are here!" he said. "They thought you were lost; they are waiting in the hall."

"I lost my way," Archibel murmured. "Good-bye," she said, nodding at Thorold, who had taken up his mahl-stick and was at work again.

He rose and bowed courteously; and then James escorted her down the long gallery.

"Do you know that man?" he asked shortly.

"No—a little, I mean; he was telling me all about pictures. Are they very cross with me? Please don't tell them where I was—aunt Rachel might be offended because I left them."

CHAPTER III.

JAMES BROWN'S father was one of the heads of a large Manchester firm. He had risen from the very bottom of the commercial ranks, and was a thorough Radical; but he had a reverence for high birth that amounted almost to worship.

All his money could not buy gentle blood for himself or his children, but he was determined that it should buy it for his grandchildren.

He knew all about Archibel and her heiress-ship, having been connected in business with the Thompsons, and he had sent Jim off on this visit with the expressed hope that he would fall in love with Miss Lindsay and ask her to marry him.

"I don't want to marry a London girl, who is either educated like a senior wrangler or brought up to dress and flirt. I mean to choose my wife," Jim declared.

But, when he saw Archibel, she was so utterly different from his expectation that he was surprised into love at once.

All his life had been spent amongst people who believed in nothing but money; it was therefore refreshing to meet a girl who seemed quite unconscious of the existence of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Young as he was, James Brown had been flattered and hunted for his money by all the mothers and girls of his set; Archibel's indifference to money consequently appealed to him all the more strongly.

He did not believe she cared for any one else—she was too young—so why should she not care for him? Manchester had taught him to consider himself not an undesirable match by any means, but to this girl he evidently was not desirable merely for the sake of his money.

How sweet it would be to win her into thinking him desirable for himself only! He could at least be sure, if he should win her, that it was for his own worth that she would love him.

Mrs. Thompson had not been wholly innocent in inviting him to Ashlands, which indeed for the time was her sister's house.

A month ago she looked upon Archibel as being too completely a child to think of match-making for her; but Lady Featherstonehaugh had suggested it.

"It would be so nice if you could get Archibel settled before you bring her out!" she remarked. "There is so much competition in London, and she is so very plain, poor child. I always liked the French way of choosing a husband for a girl, and then marrying her straight from her convent; those marriages turn out very well, they say. Now, if you could find a really nice young man with money, and throw them together here in the country, I am sure it would answer capitally. I would not dream of marrying her to a man much older than herself or to one who was dissipated or repulsive in any way; but if you know one well-educated, well-off, and fairly good looking—a very young girl will care for good looks—you might ask him here."

This was all quite in accordance with Mrs. Thompson's own theories, especially as the thought of James Brown as a possible husband for Archibel had frequently crossed her mind.

She was blissfully unconscious that the idea had been sown there, watered, and shone upon by Brown *pere* himself, with whom she had frequent correspondence on business-matters and who invariably inquired after her little orphan niece, and wished she and his Jenny might become friends; and then added, with apparent innocence, his hopes and fears for his only son, who was in such a perilous position as the heir to so much money, but yet who was a good steady lad, though of course liable to error.

It would grieve his father bitterly if he should fail to fulfill the promise of his youth by falling into the snares set so persistently for rich young men. The best preventive would be an early and suitable marriage.

It was therefore pleasant to aunt Rachel to see Archibel and James coming together out of Milham Hall with an appearance of confidential intimacy between them.

Her quick eyes had observed them through the open doors as they came down the ante-room between the picture-gallery and the hall; she had seen Archibel look up at James with unusual interest in her face, and she had seen James respond with an affectionate downward glance.

Mrs. Thompson little dreamt what request her niece had been making, and in her elation she quite forgot her annoyance at Archibel's leaving them.

Archibel was unusually quiet as they drove home.

The others chatted about the Hall and the Benningtons, but she heard nothing of it; her thoughts were far away in the wild country of heather and rock and romance that she had never seen.

She longed to see this old castle of hers—to see and to show it to some one who would know how to appreciate the beauty and picturesqueness of it all.

When they were seated at tea in the drawing-room at Ashlands, Archibel suddenly said to her aunt Rachel, who had been lauding the glories of Milham again—

"I suppose Castle Kechnie would look very old and shabby beside Milham?"

"Not by any means," replied Mrs. Thompson, who would not for the world depreciate the splendor of Archibel's possessions in the presence of James Brown. "It is in a different style, of course, but it is much more—it is baronial, in fact."

"And the grounds—are they like Milham?"

"Not so highly cultivated, I imagine, but then the extent is so much greater. There are miles and miles of land belonging to the castle."

"Good shooting?" queried Mr. Brown.

"Excellent!" replied Mrs. Thompson, ready to answer for it, although she knew next to nothing of the facts of the case. "The castle is empty at present," she went on. "Sir John Wynn, who rented it for ten years, has gone abroad, his lease having expired. I have not heard from Mr. Crane whether it has been let again."

"If it is empty why don't we go and live there?" asked Archibel earnestly. "It will be mine some day. I ought to know my own home and my own people."

"It is yours now, Archibel," answered her aunt, "though of course you cannot choose where to live until you are of age. It would not be convenient to live there at present—your education is not completed, and there are many other reasons."

"Then who looks after the people who live upon our—my land?" Archibel asked. "Don't they want me to go them? Are they not all related to me by blood—McKechnies?"

"Your tenants are very well cared for," Mrs. Thompson responded.

She was not certain whether a clan of McKechnies lived upon the estate, as the great Scotch clans used to do in the old times; she fancied not, but she would not commit herself to an opinion that might lessen Archibel's dignity in James Brown's eyes.

The next morning was as bright and sunny a day as could be desired, either for picture-painting or love-making.

Archibel leant out of her window to inhale the sweet fragrant air, and her heart beat fast with impatience at the thought that it was only 6 o'clock and there were four hours to get through before she could keep her appointment at the Hermitage, for, lovely as the day was, there was more of fear than gladness in her heart.

It was the very day for excursion-making too. What pleasure could her aunts expect to furnish or to find, she wondered, in driving their visitors about from one place to another that were each and all only copies of ever so many others?

Why could not the Browns be allowed to enjoy the woods and fields in a quiet peaceful way?

The idea of taking them to see Highminister Cathedral, which had been talked of last night, when they had a cathedral in Manchester!

What a sinful waste of the day to spend it in the cool dark woods or in the pleasant fields.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.—When a person has been bitten by a dog presumably rabid, suction should be at once employed by the victim if possible. If he is unable to reach the wound, no friend need hesitate to perform this merciful act for him if there is no abrasion of the lip or tongue. If the bite is on the leg or arm, a handkerchief or cord should be tied tightly between it and the body, suction in the meantime being persisted in. As soon as possible the wound should be cauterised, either with the nitrate of silver or a red-hot iron. The latter causes little or no more pain than the former. If this course is pursued without delay, the person bitten may feel that the danger of contracting the disease is very slight indeed.

A PROPOSAL.

BY S. U. W.

Oh, maiden, good and wise and fair,
Of all my life the sweetest part,
Look kindly on me while I dare
To offer thee a loyal heart.

A heart that only beats for thee;
A heart that owns no meaner love;
But holds thee pure and loftily
All other maidens far above.

No toil shall be too hard to win
Some joy or comfort for thy life;
Then take my heart and hand, beloved;
So, gladly I shall call thee wife.

Love Conquers All.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN AND THE SINNER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

BERNARD drove along the high road to Wallingham, putting the mare into her best paces, for he was possessed by an idea which had been forming in his mind for some time past, and which had now, after much inward struggling, arrived at that definite pitch which demanded action.

His determination was nothing less than the fixed purpose of interviewing Captain Felix Carver and ascertaining for himself the cause of his estrangement with Mary for the purpose of reuniting them.

He had overheard enough of their conversation in the wood to arrive at a shrewd guess that the sudden alteration in Mary's fortune had something to do with the rupture, and, worldly-wise, he concluded that the purse-proud, long-headed banker was at the bottom of it; and to him accordingly Bernard was bent, anxious to discover whether his suspicions were correct.

Bernard had not arrived at this determination without much inward questioning and the rude shock of a painful discovery, when the idea first took hold upon his mind.

For it had acquainted him with the fact that he himself was deeply in love with the gentle girl who was pining for the sake of her absent lover, and the discovery filled him with intense pain.

It was not the pain of jealousy, it was the pain of a hurt which he knew could never be healed—the pain of a wounded heart which had known no love and which knew that no love could ever be his.

The central point in this man's morbid view of his own character was a fixed belief in his own weakness and a haunting dread that the evil powers which had dominated his life would pursue him to the end, and that sooner or later his strength of will would again succumb to the promptings of that evil instinct.

But the pain of losing Mary from his home, of her passing out of his life to a new existence amidst new ties, new hopes, and absorbing interests, struck him with cruel vividness when the new-formed passion that had awakened in his breast was first revealed to his consciousness.

He pictured himself—loosened from her controlling influence—a morbid, melancholy man, whose past was a hateful nightmare and whose future was one of dull despair.

He could have been content to go on living his quiet life at High Dutton, undisturbed by the rushing of the outer world, listening to the music of her voice, reading sermons of truth and innocence from the open light of her dark eyes, and unlearning his knowledge of a coarse world from the open candor of a beautiful mind that knew no guile.

All this he could have done, he thought, with perfect happiness, and without one lover-like word escaping him to betray aught but the perfect communion of brotherly affection.

But this dream was at an end. He would never marry—the latent nobility of his nature forbade it; and he rapidly made up his mind that he was sacrificing Mary in a manner which savored of selfishness.

He saw her drooping and depressed, and his heart grew very heavy with the sight.

He longed to comfort her, to give her hope again; but he remembered with a sad smile that he could not himself give her the comfort she craved.

And then he formed a strong generous resolve, and he was going to Wallingham to put it into effect.

Although there was no happiness left for him, and nothing but a sere and barren future stretched before him, he could at least bring joy and happiness to the heart of the woman he loved.

To make room for a rival is seldom a pleasurable task—to thrust happiness upon a rival seems an undertaking still more unpleasant; but to Bernard, who had nerved himself to the destruction of his dream, it seemed the duty left to him.

He could not look at the pale face of the woman he loved without a personal pain which seemed to charge him with selfishness in not attempting to bring back happiness to her heart, the joy of love to her radiant eyes.

And now he had set out to cast himself upon the altar of sacrifice, and bury his future in unbroken gloom for the sake of giving light to her young life.

They drove up the snow-clad High Street, round the market, and drew up before the old-fashioned-looking building at one corner of the Market Square which was very well known throughout the district as Carver's.

The Squire left the dog-cart to Robert, and stepped into the bank. Yes, Mr. Jackson Carver happened to be in, and Bernard sent in his card.

He was quickly ushered into Mr. Carver's private room, and found that gentleman standing on the hearthrug with the card in his hand, turning it over reflectively.

Since his accession to the property Bernard had taken no pains to re-establish himself in the recollection of his neighbors, his pride being averse to submitting itself to the chilling reception that might be accorded to a prodigal of his reputation; and the humorous account Captain Felix had circulated of the scarecrow who had introduced himself as the new Squire of High Dutton was not calculated to stimulate the county magnates to desire to make the new owner's acquaintance.

Bernard accordingly met Mr. Carver for the first time, and found him a big florid man, with dark-gray hair and a pair of abnormally active eyes.

He looked his visitor up and down inquisitively, and then begged him to be seated.

"Mr. Dutton of High Dutton," he said interrogatively—"nephew of my late lamented friend Mr. Jonathan Dutton?"

"Precisely," replied Bernard.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Dutton," said Jackson Carver, who found some difficulty in connecting the well-dressed gentleman before him with the vivid picture of seediness which his son's artistic capacity had reproduced for his edification. "My son had the pleasure of meeting you."

"I believe he had," answered Bernard composedly. "It was on a matter connected with Captain Carver that I ventured to call upon you."

"Indeed, sir!"

Jackson Carver knit his brows and looked at his visitor attentively. There could be but one matter in connection with his eldest born and the family at High Dutton.

"There is, I believe—or was—an engagement existing between Captain Carver and my late uncle's adopted daughter," said Bernard.

Mr. Jackson Carver saw breakers ahead with those keen eyes of his.

"There was, I believe, something of the sort between the young people, a kind of boy-and-girl attachment," responded Mr. Carver, with an airy wave of his hand.

"Indeed! I understood there was a formal engagement," said Bernard.

"Well, Mr. Dutton, there may have been," the banker vaguely admitted.

He saw in these questions the preliminaries to a possible breach of promise action, and was indisposed to admit anything.

"And pray is that engagement at an end?" asked Bernard.

"Really, Mr. Dutton, you must permit me to ask to what purpose these questions tend?" returned the banker, somewhat nettled. "I should have thought you could have obtained whatever information you required—for what purpose you seek it I can't conceive—without coming to me for it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Carver: I do not ask from idle curiosity," said Bernard. "There seems to have been a rupture, and I was anxious to know the cause of that rupture in order to ascertain whether it could be bridged over by any means."

Mr. Carver was a man of rapid thought, and quickly surmised that there was something besides breach-of-promise actions in the other's mind.

"You will therefore understand why I ask the cause of this rupture?" concluded Bernard.

"Well, Mr. Dutton, young people, you know, will be young people," said the banker, with the air of a philosopher expounding hidden truths; "and I suppose—some little—er—'tiffs,' I think they call them—gave rise to something else, and ——"

"Mr. Carver, is it not a fact," broke in Bernard, with a sudden desire to come to the point, "that the unexpected discovery that Miss Dutton was left penniless had a great deal to do with the matter?"

"Come, Mr. Dutton," protested the banker, reddening, "that's a very harsh way of putting it."

"Mr. Carver, you are a man of the world; I am a man of the world," said Bernard deliberately; "and, put the fact as you like, it comes to the same thing in the end. You can say if you like that, on second thoughts, you found Miss Dutton's absence of fortune likely to prove an insuperable obstacle to her union with your son," suggested Bernard, with a faint smile. "But it all means the same thing — which same thing is money."

Jackson Carver was silent. He felt at a considerable disadvantage with this cool-tongued visitor who painted his mercenary conduct in such merciless black and white.

"Now, Mr. Carver, what I wished to say was this — that difficulty no longer exists. On the day Miss Mary Dutton is married, whoever she marries, I shall settle the sum of thirty thousand pounds upon her and her children."

Mr. Carver's red face became, if possible, redder.

"Thirty thousand pounds! That's very generous, Mr. Dutton," he said in amazement.

The idea of a man's giving away thirty thousand pounds to a woman who was not related to him struck Mr. Carver as the essence of all that was ridiculously absurd; but he abstained from putting this view of the matter forward.

"In that case, Mr. Dutton," he said, with great dignity, "I do not see any objection to a renewal of—— But perhaps you had better see my son on that point?"

Bernard felt nettled. Did this insolent banker think that Mary was a trifle only thrown into the scale, and that it was her business to feel greatly honored thereby?

Mr. Carver on his part was thinking that when a man was prepared to make a fool of himself he did not usually stick at trifles and he felt emboldened to say, with an attempt at easy familiarity—

"You know, Dutton, I shall allow Felix five thousand a year at once, so that I think you might turn that thirty thousand into forty thousand—eh?"

"I shall do what I said," replied Bernard coldly, much to the other's surprise. "I did not imagine that your son was an article put up for the purchase by the highest bidder; I had thought that he was in love with Miss Dutton."

"Oh, just so—just so!" responded the banker hastily. "I don't want to haggle about it!"

"There is nothing further to be said then," said Bernard, rising to leave. "Where shall I find Captain Carver?"

"He is probably at the Hall. Won't you dine with us this evening, Mr. Dutton, and ——"

"Thanks—no, I cannot; but I will call at your house on my way home," responded Bernard.

They shook hands and parted, and Bernard drove off with the feeling that he had laid the first stone of the barrier that was to shut him off from the love that could never be his.

* * * * *

Captain Felix was in the smoking-room of Carver Hall, with all the energies of his powerful mind concentrated on the task of coloring his latest meerschaum, when the Squire of High Dutton was announced.

"What does he want to see me for, I wonder?" mused Captain Felix, lifting his long legs off the chair on which they had been resting. "Did he ask for me specially, Miles?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," answered the man. "He's come in a gig, sir."

"Show him in here then," said Captain Felix. "Hang it," he murmured, as the servant departed, "I hope he has made himself look respectable to come here! The servants will think——"

But his anxiety on this point was set at rest by the entrance of Bernard, looking respectable enough even to satisfy the critical eye of Captain Felix.

"How do you do, Mr. Dutton?" said the Captain languidly. "Delighted to see you. Bring that chair round, Miles. Rather cold work driving, isn't it?"

"It is a trifle cold," answered Bernard, as he took the proffered seat. "I have just come from Wallingham. I called at the bank and saw your father, and he said I should probably find you at home."

Captain Felix wondered what was in the wind.

"I wanted to have a word with you about—about Miss Mary Dutton, my late uncle's adopted daughter," Bernard went on, as soon as the servant had quitted the room.

"Charming lady—uncommonly fine girl!" murmured Captain Felix.

Bernard glanced at the unconscious Captain with scornful contempt.

"I thought it well to call upon your father in the first instance, in order to arrive at some understanding," he pursued. "You were engaged to marry Miss Dutton?"

"Yes—oh, yes, yes!" drawled Captain Felix.

"And her sudden change of fortune created a barrier between you?"

"It was the governor, you know," said Captain Felix apologetically—"I'm quite in the hands of the governor; and he made objections, so I had to cave in. Doesn't do for a fellow to fly in the face of his governor, you know, in these days. There were fellows who used to fly in the faces of their governors once upon a time; but they generally came to grief."

"I must congratulate you on your acuteness, Captain Carver, in not imitating the example of those fellows," responded Bernard satirically.

Captain Felix reddened slightly at this rejoinder.

"Those being your sentiments, I suppose if your father wanted you to marry a Hottentot heiress you would sacrifice yourself cheerfully?" Bernard added, with some acerbity.

"I don't see what right you have to suppose anything of the sort," answered Captain Felix, the angry flush on his handsome face deepening.

"Well, I suppose not," said Bernard, in a more conciliatory tone; then he proceeded with some seriousness, "Captain Carver, Miss Dutton's welfare is matter which I have deeply at heart. You will therefore pardon me if I put to you what seems to me a pertinent question. Are you in love with her?"

"Oh, yes!" declared Captain Felix, with his habitual languor. "Certainly — awfully!"

"Then I may tell you," said Bernard, suppressing his indignation, "that the difficulty which your father raised is at an end. Miss Dutton will be in possession of a fortune on her marriage day."

"So glad!" responded Captain Felix. "What does the governor say?"

"He says that he sees no insuperable obstacle now to your engagement."

"Ah! Then I'm to make the running again?" said Captain Felix calmly.

"I shall be happy to see you at High Dutton to-morrow," replied Bernard very frigidly.

"Thanks. I sha'n't be flying in the face of the governor then!" said Captain Felix, removing the precious meerschaum for one instant from his mouth and turning a lazy glance up at his visitor.

"I believe not. Good-bye."

And Bernard, with difficulty hiding his rising choler at the Captain's nonchalance, took a hasty departure to his gig.

"This is a rum start," ruminated Captain Felix, twirling his moustache. "I half proposed—hanged if I don't think I went the entire animal!—to Lydia Farquhar last night! What a confounded nuisance this marrying business is! I wish one of these lovely creatures would take me to church and finish the business, so that a fellow might get a little peace!"

With which fervent supplication Captain Felix bent his lazy footsteps upstairs to adorn himself for dinner.

And Bernard drove home, wondering what strange perversity of vision had led Mary Dutton to fall in love with the inanimate being whose presence he had just quitted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following morning Bernard was sitting by the library fire, thinking out the further stages of his plans for Mary's happiness.

He was ruminating deeply and sadly, his mind filled with a vague desolating pain, and yet for one instant he did not in thought swerve from his purpose.

After all, he mused, there might be a good deal of genuine feeling concealed beneath the languid indifference of Captain Felix which Mary, with the superior instinct of women in such matters, had discovered and unearthed.

The morning was well advanced and he had still to get through the most difficult part of his undertaking—a part in which pleasure was sadly intermingled with the pain.

It was to acquaint Mary with his intention concerning her welfare and happiness; and already he saw the glad light of returning joy lighting up the beauteous face, which had been so pensive and melancholy of late; and he felt the thrill of pain which would come to him in spite of the answering happiness in her happiness—which would be his when he looked and saw the bright smile of gladness that would flood her face with feeling at the thought of the man she loved.

He was on the point of sending Bruce to ask her to come to him, when Mary herself entered, and greeted him with more cheerfulness than had been her wont of late.

"I thought you were anxious to emulate Rip Van Winkle, and meant to sleep for twenty years," she said, with a smile.

"I have had a very bad night, Mary."

"That's a judgment upon you for taking a long drive through the snow, and not asking me to come with you," she replied.

"I am very sorry," he said contritely. "I did not dream that you cared to go out in the cold."

"You did not trouble to inquire!" she responded, with a little laugh.

"I thought perhaps I should be interfering with the course of your artistic labors—those mysterious disappearances which rob us of your society so often," he could not help saying, with a little malicious smile.

"What do you mean—how do you know?" exclaimed Mary, in a tone of dismay, with a sudden start, and the hot color rising to her face.

"My dear Mary, I don't know anything except that you are always under bolt and bar in that privileged apartment," he answered lightly, surprised that she should have displayed so much disquietude at his idle words.

"Then you have not been looking—you have not been in my sanctum?" she questioned uneasily, but a little reassured.

"No, indeed; it is too carefully guarded with lock and key to admit intruders," laughed Bernard.

Mary looked relieved, and presently said, with a smile—

"There is nothing mysterious. Only—only I'm glad you haven't been peeping in—through the crack of the door or the keyhole," she added, laughing.

She was standing before the fire, one little foot raised on the fender, and looking down upon her companion in his arm-chair with her grave dark eyes.

How beautiful she looked! he thought; and a low sigh escaped him.

"Won't you sit down, Mary?" he said, in an altered tone.

She took the chair on the opposite side of the fireplace and sat expectantly, her hands nervously interlocked in her lap.

"I called at Carver Hall yesterday, Mary," said Bernard, by way of preliminary.

"Yes?"

He looked at her furtively, but her face was perfectly composed.

"And I saw Captain Felix and his father."

"Yes?"

"You know, Mary," continued Bernard, "that if you were my own sister I could not desire your happiness and welfare more than I do now. And it has troubled me greatly to know that my uncle's negligence in leaving you unprovided for, contrary to his expressed intention, should have interrupted your engagement to Felix Carver."

Mary was listening with wide-open eyes now.

"It seemed to me too," continued Bernard, "that I had a personal responsibility in the matter, seeing that I was the

practical cause—involuntarily enough—of all this. And I went to Mr. Jackson Carver yesterday to hear what he had to say in the matter."

"How did you know all this?" asked Mary, with an effort.

"Well, I heard a little from Mrs. Netherbury, and guessed the rest. Don't you remember our first meeting—here, in the coppice?" he added.

"Oh, yes!"

"I overheard—quite unintentionally—a little of your conversation with Captain Felix, which led up to my guessing. You are not angry, Mary—you do not think I have been prying into your affairs from idle curiosity?" he asked.

"Indeed, no, Mr. Dutton. You have been too good to me!" she answered simply.

"I therefore made up my mind to see the Carvers, and I saw them, and ascertained from Jackson Carver that my surmise was correct. And I told him the difficulty existed no longer, because I meant to settle a sum of money upon you on your wedding-day."

"You told him that! And he said?"

"That in the circumstances he would be pleased to see the engagement carried out."

Mary burst into a low bitter laugh. Bernard looked at her in utter surprise.

"Captain Felix told me that his love for you was just the same, and that it was the pressure put upon him by his father that kept you asunder."

"How dared he say that?" cried Mary vehemently.

"You must not be too hard upon him," pursued Bernard, to whom her coldness was inexplicable; "it is the notion of these worldly people to make marriage a matter of business. But what is the matter, Mary?" he asked abruptly.

She turned to look at him and her face softened into tenderness.

"My dear, dear friend," she said tremulously, "do not think because I have not uttered one word of thanks that I am not grateful for your goodness. I know what you wished to do; but you have indeed made a great mistake. I am utterly parted from Felix Carver; I would not marry him for all the gold in the world."

"Why, Mary, I thought you loved him!" said Bernard.

"I did love him once, but I despise him now," she answered vehemently.

"But are you sure—quite sure of this?" he asked gently.

"Perfectly sure." Then, with a sudden questioning in her voice, she raised her eyes to his and said, "Did you wish it to be different? Did you want me to marry Felix Carver?"

Bernard hesitated. A great wave of feeling was surging within him; he hardly dared trust himself to speak lest he should betray to her, by word or look, the tumultuous yearning that set his heart throbbing so swiftly.

"I am a trouble—an incubus!" cried Mary quickly, seeing that he did not speak. "I have burdened your generosity."

"My dear Mary, how can you imagine such things?" he said, interrupting her. "I do not want you to marry Felix Carver—from it, unless you wish to marry him yourself."

Then he went on, with infinite tenderness in his low tones, "Dear Mary, listen to me, and I will try to explain my bungling. When I first came here—when you first saw me—I was reckless, broken-minded wretch, with no hope in life, no thought of a future. That I have been saved from the mire into which I had fallen, that I have awakened to some slight sense of the better part in existence I owe to you, Mary, and to your saving influence. If I had come here and found myself alone with all the means of gratifying my debased passions close to my hand, it is probable that I should have sunk past redemption to a state of mind and body which might well be the portion of the accursed. That I have shrunk back from the brink of infamy I owe to you, Mary; and there is nothing in the wide world within my power that I would not do for your sake—to secure your happiness. And it seemed to me that this place must be like a prison to you, in this spring-time of your young life, and that it was pure selfishness to keep you shut up here like a caged bird. And I thought—forgive me, Mary!—that you were growing restless and weary-minded, that perhaps you were thinking of him, and wishing perhaps to see him again."

Mary was still as a statue while he thus spoke, her grave eyes upturned to him with deeper mournfulness as he proceeded.

"I felt that it was your right to follow the dictates of your heart, and to be re-united to the man who loved you. What more natural than that a bright young being, with all her life stretching out before her, should wish to spend her existence in some happy home of her own rather than in this dull prison shut up with a misanthrope and an old lady? It will be to me, my child," he continued with exquisite sadness, and he took her hand in his for one brief instant—"like the pain of a great hurt when you leave us; it will seem to me as if all the sunshine has departed from the world—from my world—but what of that? I shall lead my solitary life, such as remains of it, and find pleasure in thinking of you happy and contented, surrounded by smiling faces and blessed with some good fellow who will love you as you deserve to be loved. But you will not altogether shut out from your memory, even in that happy time, the despairing being whom you did your best to save from himself—eh, Mary?"

He turned his gaze towards her, seeking his answer, and was surprised to find her eyes filled with tears.

More than this, she started up from her place by the side of his chair, and, after standing for a moment in hesitancy, she seemed to be seized by an uncontrollable emotion, for the tears burst from her sad eyes and she hastily quitted the room without a word.

* * * * * *

To the wide and lofty gallery in the west wing of the Manor House, a long noble hall filled with priceless pictures and sombre portraits of dead-and-gone Duttons, Mary had fled in that moment of unspoken pain, and thither the master of the house had followed her, after a brief interval of wonderment during which he racked his brain to discover a cause for Mary's distress without arriving at any result.

He was fearful that he had said something that might wound her, and he made a search for her in one or two of the rooms; but she had evidently flown to her studio, which was one of the apartments leading off from the picture-gallery.

Bernard found the door of her room slightly open, and he glanced in, half thinking that Mary was not even there; nevertheless his eyes fell upon her standing before her easel, her hands tightly clasped, and her tear-filled eyes strained upon a canvas that stood thereon. He entered the room.

"Why did you run away, Mary?"

She turned sharply round and confronted him with a look of sudden dismay and a piteous beseeching movement of her hands.

He had stepped up to her and his gaze rested on the picture before him. For a brief moment he continued to gaze, then a sudden exclamation burst from him, and he turned to the girl with a look which conveyed a world of wonder and inquiry, only to find her head bent as if in deep shame and mortification, a rich color mantling cheek and brow.

The picture on the easel was a portrait of himself.

"Why, Mary, you have not mentioned this! Is it your work?"

She bowed, but did not speak.

"It's wonderful, except that it flatters an old grizzled being like myself a great deal too much. And you have done this from memory? Why did you not tell me?"

He was looking at her intently, looking at the dark down-bent head and marking the red life-blood surging up in deeper hue to those tingling cheeks, when a sudden thought flashed into her mind, and he reeled as though he had been struck a heavy blow, and he seemed to struggle for breath.

Poor Mary! In the quiet solitude of High Dutton, where the carking lessons of the world's ways and the polished artificiality of society were unknown, she had not learnt that, while one's tongue is striving to conceal one's thoughts, one's face should not betray them, and a very agony of mortification was hers with this man looking down upon her and striving to read her tell-tale face like the page of an open book.

And then—she hardly knew how—her hand was lying in his, and his face, deathly pale, was bent towards her.

"Mary—my dear Mary, I am dreaming, I know, like the blind fool that I am; but, oh, do not wake me for one brief moment! I know that I loved, that in what seems to me the afternoon of my worthless life I had found one who made that afternoon seem like the sun-rising time of innocent youth, one whom I loved better than all this earth holds. And I am dreaming now, dreaming that this one that I love has cherished me in her heart and mind, that this one that I love loves me. It is an idle dream, a presumptuous fantasy that can never, never be—but see! I am looking out at the drifting sun. It is bright with light now; I am dreaming still. In a few brief moments the sun will be behind that snow-topped elm, and all will be gloom. And you will take your hand away then, Mary, and I shall awake to realities again."

He had turned slightly from her, his gaze bent towards the gleaming snow and the fire-like orb, still with the girl's hand between his quivering palms, and neither of them spoke one word.

And the last arc of the mighty Phœbus disappeared behind the tree, the gloom and shade in swift succession thrust out the lingering sunshine, and the time of dreaming was over.

The dreamer, bewildered, looked round from the shadowy prospect, and gazed into the lovely face of his companion—looked and saw the sunlight glancing from the uplifted eyes of the woman he loved, as they met his passionate gaze.

"My dear love, Mary," he said, and his voice was low and whispering, "is this dream at an end, or is it reality?"

A smile came and settled on the red lips, as she answered with a sidelong flash of the sunlit eyes—

"No; you can go on dreaming. And dream that I love you better than life!"

* * * * * *

"My darling, it may not be yet," Bernard was saying; "perhaps in the time to come I shall feel myself firm again, and know that love conquers all. I will travel for one year. You will not forget me in one year?"

For answer Mary laid her head upon his breast in a silence more eloquent than the choicest oration.

He had poured out his tale of hope and fear, of his doubts and misgivings, of his love which was great enough for sacrifice and too great for selfishness.

He had reasoned with her—reasoned with the force of that great wonder which love sometimes will modestly feel when it knows itself beloved and cannot account why.

But Mary, in her turn, had made sweet confession of her heart, how she had felt that pity which turns to love where she saw the finer depths of his nature awake and the masterful triumph of mind over body to which that awakening led him, and how she had long since discovered her weakness for Felix to be simply an idle fancy, begun in idleness and ending in contempt.

A few hours later Bernard went into his drawing-room to meet Captain Felix Carver, who, true to his promise, had "run over to have a look at them," as he put it.

Bernard heartily wished Captain Felix anywhere but in his own house at that moment, for he was conscious of having an explanation to make which, after their conversation of the preceding day, he felt could not be other than awkward.

But Captain Felix himself relieved him from all embarrassment by suddenly saying:

"I say, Dutton, you know, a fellow can't marry two women, can he, however lovely they may be, and however desperately he may be 'gone' with both of them, and all that sort of thing, you know—can he now?"

Bernard thought that no fellow could, according to the misguided laws of this mistaken land.

"Of course not. Well, you see, it's like this—when the governor put his foot down our Mary and me—I mean when he knocked us both on the head—you know what I mean—I thought it was all up with us, and didn't care what became of me and all that sort of thing, you know. And the other day I went and proposed to Lyddy Farquhar, and I'm dashed if she hasn't accepted me. So I'm in a regular fix, you know, for I'm clean gone on your lovely kinswoman; but when a fellow's governor keeps bothering him to get married and settle down it's no wonder that a fellow goes and gets himself engaged too much, just for the sake of peace and quietness. I shall be glad when I am married," sighed Felix desperately, "and I haven't to go worrying about after women and getting into these fixes and all that sort of thing. You're an uncommonly good fellow, Dutton—what do you think I ought to do? Is it a case for tossing up, you know—heads and tails and that sort of thing, do you think?"

It was impossible to take Captain Felix seriously, he was so absorbed in the contemplation of his matrimonial schemes and the troubles which they unsuspectingly led him into, and Bernard burst out laughing.

"I think you can save yourself the trouble and marry Miss Farquhar," he replied. "The fact is I made a blunder yesterday, and I may as well state so plainly. Miss Dutton is going to marry me."

"So glad!" murmured Felix, with genuine relief.

And in the end Felix stayed to luncheon and told Mary that he was so glad, and that sort of thing, and was thanked by Mary for his congratulations with most perfect air of unconsciousness.

* * * * * *

It is eighteen months later, and the July sun is shining brightly down upon the lawn at High Dutton.

Before the Manor House door is drawn up a carriage, and Mr. Bruce is fussing about with wraps and shawls and superintending everything and everybody, evidently with a general, but in no sense weak-kneed, belief that without his presence and comforting superintendence "this here marriage" could never have taken place.

Then the servants cluster about the walk and a great company of guests gather in the big hall, and Bernard and his wife appear, and blessings on all sides are showered upon them as they step into the carriage that is to carry them off on their honeymoon.

Bernard, true to his resolve, has been abroad for a full year; his bronzed cheeks swarthy with the touch of a burning sun, and his strong erect carriage and a steadfast eye tell of a new life having entered into him, of a new hope and a firm resolve, of a passage through a fiery ordeal, unscathed but painful.

And Mary is looking lovelier than ever with the added fulness of these ripening months, and her heart is full of joyful tenderness as she looks upon the bronzed man at her side.

A hearty shout goes up from the assembled crowd, the last slipper and the last handful of rice are thrown, Mrs. Netherbury, with tears of joy streaming down her dear old face, is waving her adieu from a top window, whither she has gone to catch the last sight of the speeding carriage, and—hey, presto!—they are out of sight.

"Didn't I tell 'ee they weer a-kurtin?" says Goody Tamar triumphantly to her gossip Molly Mardge. "I seed it in theer eye. Heaven bless 'em!"

"Ay, but kurtin does wark wonders," responds Molly, with a sapient shake of her head. "Jus' to think o't nacow!"

And, strange to say, much the same reflection in more intelligible language is finding utterance in the bridal carriage.

The joy of Bernard's heart finds fitting expression in his whispered words to his bride.

"My darling," he is saying, "I feel like a lad of twenty again! I do believe now, with all my heart and soul, that 'Love Conquers All!'"

[THE END.]

NOTHING is so contemptible as that affectation of wisdom, which some display by universal incredulity.

Scientific and Useful.

SELF-OPENING.—The latest product of inventive ingenuity is a "self-opening bag," which is folded flat as it comes from the machine, but a single dexterous flap with the hand opens it into an absolutely square-cornered bag, which will stand upright on the grocer's counter to be filled.

DRY ROT.—It is stated upon good authority, that the germs of "dry rot," the enemy of builders, can be carried by saws and other tools which have been in contact with infected wood, and that such transmissions and impregnations are often the cause of the mysteriously rapid decay of originally sound timbers.

TOBACCO.—Smokers of tobacco, and especially those who desire to prolong their days, will do well to attend to a medical man's advice on the occasion of the death of an inveterate lover of the weed. Says the doctor: "Never smoke on an empty stomach. Do not hold the pipe or cigar continuously in the mouth. Never smoke a foul pipe. And drink coffee when smoking."

AN IMPROVED HAMMER.—An improved hammer has a groove in the side of the head into which the head of any sort of a nail may be slipped and by a single blow fastened in its position. The hammer is easily withdrawn without unsettling the nail, which is driven home in the usual way. The advantage is apparent, especially in driving nails in a place seven or eight feet above where one stands.

THE HEELS.—A scientific sharp declares that the constant jar of walking on city pavements can be largely prevented by imitating nature. "The human heel is covered with an elastic pad. Now, as to walk barefoot would be out of the question, it is suggested that we replace the hard boot-heel with one made of elastic rubber. It would cost but a few cents a month to keep in repair, and would have the advantage of lessening the noise of hurrying feet, and preventing, to an extent, broken bones in winter."

EXPLOSIVES.—It has been proposed to do away with the use of explosives in mines where their use is attended with danger, and substitute the lately invented cartridge—one portion of which is filled with a mixture of finely divided zinc and zinc oxide, which collects in the condensers of the zinc retort, while the other part is filled with dilute sulphuric acid according to the requirements in the case. The cartridge is put in its intended place, and then by suitable mechanism, the acid is allowed to flow into the zinc. Hydrogen is then evolved, and, by its expansive force, the rock is broken down, without combustion or violent explosion.

Farm and Garden.

HATCHING.—There is no good reason for keeping and feeding old male birds a week after the demand for hatching eggs is over. Unless they are of a fancy breed and valuable for certain "points" dispose of them promptly.

DEAD TREES.—A partially dead tree, or one that is unproductive, should be cut down and some other kind substituted. It often happens that a pear tree will thrive where a peach or plum will not grow. No space should be wasted on unprofitable trees.

RUBBISH.—The roadsides, fence-corners, rubbish, thickets and weeds should be completely cleared up not only for the advantages of the appearance but because such are used as the harboring place of insects. Destruction to crops will follow neglect to clear out the growth in inaccessible places where the plow, cultivator, and harrow cannot go. Then the hoe should be used, and fire made to consume everything that is a nuisance.

ORGANIZATIONS.—Farmers' organizations, though not always successful in accomplishing the objects desired, have done much toward advancing the interests of the members by attracting attention to better methods of cultivation. Wherever the farmers are well organized the increase of crops is greater than in those sections where the farmers are not united. Discussion of subjects during the winter should be indulged in freely.

SHEEP.—For farm manure the sheep is surpassed only by the hen, and rivaled only by the hog. It is much easier to save the manure from the sheep, less of the liquid being lost. Owing to the dryness of the solid most of the liquid is soaked up and saved, while that from cattle is lost, or saved only in expensive tanks or cemented cellars. Sheep, while on grass, scatter their manure much more evenly, and it is therefore of much greater value. Thus, wherever sheep are kept the land is found to continually increase in fertility.

TREES.—It is a good thing to plant a tree, shrub or vine, but it is a still better thing to take proper care of it. There are some people who think that the proper care of a tree is to prune here and pinch there in order to have a fine, thrifty tree. If you want a fine, symmetrical tree or shrub you must make it thrifty to begin with; as a rule, if it grows well, it will take to itself the most symmetrical form. Then if you want a tree to assume its best form, keep it growing. Give it manure to make the growth from, and keep the ground at least five feet—ten feet is better—from the stem of each tree. In this space all grass and weeds should be kept down throughout the season.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

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Concerning Tact.

What diplomacy is or ought to be in the intercourse of nations, such is tact in the intercourse of individuals. Tact has been described as a sixth sense, and this does not seem a bad definition of it. At any rate; no combination of the other five will supply the deficiency caused by the absence of tact.

Perhaps it would be better described as that quality of intuitive perception which enables us to realise fully the feelings of others, and thus to regulate our conduct accordingly.

It is a quality, in short, which enables you to "put yourself in his place." It is a faculty which, though it may be improved cannot be acquired by any study, however careful or however arduous, but must be born with its happy possessor.

It enables those who have it to take in, almost at a glance, the weak and strong points of a situation or of an individual, to steer clear of the threatening proclivities of either, and to avail themselves of the favorable points in each.

What the barometer is to the sailor, that is tact to humanity at large; and the more sensitive this weather-glass of the mind, the more quickly is the navigator aware of the proximity of bad weather in his voyage through life.

Politeness and good feeling are naturally more looked for among the educated and higher orders, but tact is the inheritance of no particular class; it is often found in the poorest cottager, and is vainly sought for in the nobly born.

For politeness may be merely the result of education, and good feeling the outcome of a kindly disposition, but tact is the outcome of neither, and often exists without the latter.

Indeed, it is common enough for people to have the best intentions in the world, but to be totally devoid of that subtle and delicate quality of tact.

In every sphere and every phase of life tact is almost essential for a great success. We say almost essential, for there are some stubborn souls who, disdaining to bow either to opinions or to events, by sheer force of character work out their own victorious destiny.

But the number of them is few—they are men of a generation—and they form but a very small fraction of those who, overrating their own strength, are crushed in the unequal struggle and go down without either sympathy or help from those whom they were too proud to propitiate.

It is only the very strong or the very fortunate who can afford thus to take a line of their own without reference to the weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of their neighbors, and not come to grief sooner or later.

The road to success is generally full of pitfalls, and most of those who attain the goal have to step very carefully.

All men and women have their foibles and pet theories, and without tact it is impossible to avoid outraging them continually. No doubt it is very hard to have to show respect for all the ridiculous hobbies and absurd ideas which are paraded before us daily, but to give vent to our own opinions upon them would be to render ourselves veritable Ishmaelites, and to raise every man's hand against us, and, what is worse, every woman's too.

The world is a good deal like a vast crowd in which everyone is struggling for a good place. If you are happy in the possession of great strength and stature, backed by an iron determination, you may perhaps make your way through it by strength alone, careless of the maledictions of those you displace and elbow aside; but if you are of only ordinary size and appearance, violence must give place to address, and you will do well to edge yourself in as gingerly as possible, avoiding the pet corns of those next to you, keeping your elbows close to your own sides, not in the ribs of others, disarming with a pleasant word and smile those whom you supplant or obstruct.

Should you be so ill-advised as to imitate the tactics of the strong man, without the requisite thews and sinews to make your position good, you will be bufleted right and left, and in less time than it takes to write it, will find yourself on the outskirts of the crowd, your hat knocked over your eyes, your poor ribs bruised and sore, and the jeers of the most insignificant ringing in your ears.

Nearly all great men who have risen have been imbued with tact, and many great men have fallen through lack of it. This will appear less remarkable when we consider that what we speak of in the more trivial matters of life as tact, is in reality neither more nor less than a knowledge of mankind.

A consummate knowledge of mankind, aided by the faculty of using that knowledge to the best advantage, has often ere now raised men of humble surroundings to the highest offices in a state, and even to the command of an empire, while the want of a little tact has cost many a king his crown.

If you would bring people up from the lowlands, you must be like the Master and go down after them. It will not do to be afraid of getting muddy, if you want to help poor stumblers out of the gutter; and it will do no good to scold them for being there. Neither will it do to be too afraid of losing a high position, if you want to help people out of doubts and fears and cruel unbelief. You may not feel quite so light and buoyant, you may suffer a little with them; but what of that, if you may be glorified together? Where would you be now if Christ had not left His high estate and come down to seek and save the lost and perishing? What good would it do for Him to say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," if He had not first lowered Himself into the sinner's place, and gone down, crushed and broken, into the earth under the awful weight of their sins? "He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich."

It is the bent of the basest and most worthless spirits to be busy in the search and discovery of others' failings, passing by all that is commendable and imitable. But the more excellent mind of a real Christian loves not unnecessarily to touch—no, nor to look upon them—but rather turns away. Such never uncover their brother's sores but to cure them, and no more than is necessary for that end.

One "good morning" or "good evening" may bring comfort and heaven to a suffering soul. That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this. Never put upon any an unnecessary burden. Never tell a man what mean things you have heard about him.

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without loss; his accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of his acts. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

Some people are not willing to go where there is poverty, or suffering, or distress of any kind, because it makes them feel gloomy. Did you never think that all the load you get by visiting the suffering is taking just so much from their heavy burden? Your visit, and the interest it manifested, cheered and comforted them as much as it depressed you. Are you not willing to bear a very little of their heavy load? "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Much domestic unhappiness comes from the fact that people do not know, or do not enough recognize, the peculiarities of each other's natures. They expect impossible things of each other. If a flaming, demonstrative nature, and a cool, undemonstrative nature, come together, neither of them understanding or making allowance for the peculiarities of the other, there can scarcely fail of being unhappiness.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades of paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glowing as they would be without it.

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

True philosophy is that which renders us to ourselves, and all others who surround us, better, and at the same time more content, more patient, more calm, and more ready for all decent and pure enjoyment.

It is a pity we so often succeed in our attempts to deceive each other, for our double-dealing generally comes down upon ourselves. To speak a lie or to act a lie is alike contemptible in the sight of God and man.

He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victim by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, is practiced every day, by the world.

It is a false principle, that because we are entirely occupied with ourselves, we must equally occupy the thoughts of others. The contrary inference is the fair one.

To speak highly of one with whom we are intimate is a species of egotism. Our modesty as well as our jealousy teaches us caution on this subject.

Those who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for what is loud and senseless talking and swearing any other than braying?

The World's Happenings.

The average cost of a seat in Congress is $5,000.

The Japanese make cheese from beans and peas.

At Oceana, Mich., an ox-roast wound up a wedding festival.

More twins are born in May and July than in any other months.

Cricket for ladies, says a London paper, seems likely to become popular.

An Indiana couple got married at 1 A. M., simply to cause a sensation.

A Washington policeman had his pockets picked by a thief he was taking to the lockup.

A prudent young woman in Herrington, Kansas, wears her engagement ring on one of her toes.

A Coffey county, Kansas, man has applied for a patent on a machine for catching chinch bugs.

A judicial nominating convention held in Zanesville, Ohio, was in session only seven minutes.

Meat hooks were the odd weapons with which two butchers fought in refrigerator car at Lynn, Mass.

In New York city there are theatres, livery stables and carriage warehouses that were once churches.

A recent paper by a noted French writer places the number of lives already lost through the Panama canal at 40,000.

Excessive cigarette smoking is blamed for the death of the adopted son—aged 13 years—of Mayor Kelly, of Weehawken, N. J.

About the meanest gag that could be devised was one which an Ohio highwayman used. He filled his victim's mouth with sand.

Among the new features of the Tioga county, Pa., fair this year will be a trotting race for steers, each to be ridden by a man or boy.

A recent invention is a canvas net swung from the ceiling for lifting an invalid whom it is dangerous to move while the bed is being made up.

Darwin Rassely, an Easton, Pa., drug clerk, has had his nose broken by a foot ball. A year ago the same member was broken by a base ball.

At a Newport festivity a brilliant feature was a hunting quadrille danced by a dozen ladies in red hunting coats with a dozen ladies each wearing red sashes.

A Connecticut couple couldn't agree on a physician to attend one of their children, and a squabble which followed now has its outcome in a suit for divorce instituted by the wife.

An eccentric character was found dead recently at his gate at Brasil, Ind. He had an uncontrollable mania for stealing women's shoes, and no less than 50 pairs were found in his hut.

Alvey Clabaugh, of Frederick, Md., aged 12 years, swallowed a persimmon seed four years ago. The seed lodged in his throat, and a doctor discovered a few days ago that it had commenced to sprout.

A delightfully intelligent scientific person informs the world that thirty-two millions of persons could shake hands and encompass the whole world if they joined hands together. This is worth knowing.

A Hartford paper knows of a cow which satisfies her appetite for apples by fastening her horns in the limbs of a tree and shaking the fruit to the ground. When an insufficient quantity falls the sagacious animal repeats the operation.

Licenses were issued at Reading recently for the marriage of two girls, each only 14 years old. In both cases they had the consent of their parents. The grooms are aged 22 and 25 years respectively. The younger one has been a widower since 1886.

Much of the so-called ivory now in use is simple potato. A good, sound potato washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution and then slowly dried, is all ready, it is said, to be turned into buttons and innumerable other things that ivory was used for once upon a time.

An Illinois woman, indirectly through the Rebellion, lost sight of her two infant children in 1870. Innumerable times since she attempted to find them, but in vain, until recently, when, through a pension examiner, she learned that the long missing ones are alive and happily married in Kansas.

An Italian organ grinder, of Newark, beat one of his several pets which assist him in making a living. Afterwards he offered the chastised animal a nut, whereupon it bit him on the right thumb. The arm began to swell, turning a greenish color, and it is now feared part of the member will have to be amputated.

Paper doors are likely soon to be introduced in the building trade. It is said that they compare favorably with those of wood, as they neither shrink, swell, crack, nor warp. The doors are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and joined together with glue and potash, and finally rolled through heavy rollers.

Circumstances often favor even elopers, and such proved the case lately in England, when the mother of the girl telegraphed the police authorities at Bolton to arrest her child, who was a passenger on a train that would pass there. She mentioned the girl's lameness, that the police might easily identify her. Curiously enough there turned out to be two lame girl passengers, and the wrong one was arrested. The other passed on and got married.

The average price of large cannon is said to be about $1,000 a ton, which would make a 37-ton gun cost $37,000. The giant guns, like human giants, are early affected with consumptive tendencies. Some officers estimate the vitality of a giant gun at 200 discharges, while others say that is setting it too high. Assuming that a 37-ton gun is practically used up after 200 discharges, the cost of depreciation per discharge is therefore $185, in addition to expensive projectiles and cartridges.

LOST IN DEATH.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

How can I cease to love thee,
My brightest and my best?
How can I quell the passion
Warm glowing in my breast?

Love always has its sorrows
To mingle with its bliss,
To sometimes mar the sweetness
That marks the first dear kiss.

But still till life be ended
My darling shall be mine,
Mine by the love I bear thee,
By all its arts divine.

I'll never cease to love thee:
Unto my life's last breath,
I'll guard thee, and I'll bless thee,
Till life be lost in death.

Was It a Dream?

BY CORA EGARD.

FROM being 'Cyril Dartlegh, a poor artist,' to be 'Cyril, tenth Earl of Dartlegh,' sounds a nice rise, doesn't it, nurse?"

"It does indeed, my laddie; but, there, I should say 'my lord'—eh, Maister Cyril?"

"Oh! I don't think I shall stand on my dignity with you, Maggie. I hope I'll always be 'your laddie,' as I was when I was a youngster. You'll have to come and be housekeeper for me and my lady now, though it's little enough we've got to keep house on, worse luck! I just wish I could find that treasure which you've always told me lies hidden on this estate; but I'm afraid the said treasure only lies in the minds of certain imaginative old ladies—eh, nurse Maggie?"

"What treasure and what legend?" said a third person, now entering the cottage in which the above words had been spoken. "You naughty boy, not to have told me there was a legend and hidden treasure on the estate! Is there a ghost as well? Do tell me, Maggie. I love stories so; and now I'm 'my lady' I must be obeyed in everything," added the young lady, with a haughty little toss of her pretty head.

"I think, young lady—that is, if your ladyship will allow me to offer my poor opinion—that you had everything your own way in the little house at Kensington as plain 'Mrs. Cyril Dartlegh,' and from the complete subjugation of Dartlegh, which already seems as entire as possible, that your ladyship will reign supreme over your lord and his dominions."

"Ah! Cyril, I wonder if we shall be as happy in this suddenly-acquired grandeur as we were when we were only a poor artist and his wife? If we had riches to keep up the old state of the Earls of Dartlegh, I shouldn't be anxious; but I'm afraid that our expenses have increased so much and our income so little, that we'll find it hard to make our titles pay their way. Oh! why couldn't that stupid old cousin of yours—now, don't pretend to look shocked, for you know you never saw him, and only heard of him a day or two before his death—well, why couldn't he have saved what little worth there was in the estate, instead of letting it go to the dogs? It is all very well to be 'my lord' and 'my lady,' but I should like something a little solid behind to—to buy a new bonnet with; I'm sure I want one," ended up the young wife, with a merry laugh, which certainly did not sound as though she was overburned with the cares of this life.

"Just think, Cyril," she continued, "if only you hadn't fallen in love with, and married, an orphan French girl as poor as yourself, you might easily have found some rich tallow-chandler's heiress, who would have made the estate what it ought to be. Only in this case it would be the heiress marrying 'a penniless lad wi' a lang pedigree,' instead of *vice versa*, as the old song says."

"Strange as it may seem, my Renee, I prefer my first choice, and the tallow-chandler's fair daughter may go to the dogs."

"Hush! I can't have one of my subjects using strong language; and, if you please, I should like to hear the story before we have to leave this dear little cottage and go back to that gloomy old Castle."

"Well, go ahead, Maggie. I'll be glad to hear the old story again. It will be like the old times when we lived at the Manor together before my father died, and when you did a good mother's part to poor neglected little me."

"Aye, it's nigh on ten years since the maister died, and left you nought but his debts and the old Manor; but ye've paid them all out o' the sale of the old house and that painting business, and now ye'll get your reward, sure enough, my ain bonnie boy," said the old woman, looking up at the fine young man beside her with much pride.

"I can never understand why you did not know you were the heir to the Dartlegh title and estates until just before you came into them," said Renee, thoughtfully, pulling the ears of a splendid mastiff which lay crouched by her chair.

"Well, my darling," said Cyril, as he stroked her chestnut hair admiringly; "you see my father, the youngest son of a large family all now dead, was cut off from his relations for his extravagance and dissipation. When he married, the half-ruined Manor of Hastondell, in Warwickshire, was given to him, and there my mother died at my birth. After her death, my father shut himself completely up from the world with his books.

"Maggie, who had been my mother's maid, brought me up. When my father died, the household debts—for he lived without income—amounted to a good deal. However, they're paid now, thanks to the 'painting business,' as Maggie rudely terms the outcome of my artistic nature. Aye, and I don't mean to give up the said painting business, however un-lord-like it may be to earn one's bread as an artist."

For a few minutes they sat silent, gazing out of the cottage door at the beauteous autumn evening.

The sun shot down his parting rays on the narrow Scotch valley, around which the great rugged mountains rose almost precipitously, except towards the west, where the valley seemed to continue in a plain-like stretch of wild wooded country. The flow of sunset light touched the grim rocky slopes with gold; it turned the autumn woods into a blaze of glowing colors, which stretched as far as the eye could reach.

In the foreground lay the village, nestling down in the quiet valley, seeming to be safely guarded by the high cliffs on either side.

Picturesque the scene certainly was, and from the artist's point of view nothing seemed lacking; but after a moment's thought, the eye would turn and try to discover in vain some result of agricultural labor. No large farms, surrounded by their orchards, were there; no fields of waving corn; no droves of cattle; no rich pasture land was to be seen.

The forest still reigned supreme over a tract of land which only wanted money and enterprise to turn it from one of the poorest to one of the richest estates in the United Kingdom.

Enterprise was not wanting in the present owner; and Cyril felt, as he gazed out on the scene before him, how much he could do with a little of that wealth which to men no higher in rank than himself would seem but a drop in the ocean of their riches.

The beauties of the landscape had however the soothing effect of making him feel that, through his art, there lay a way to success which it was possible for him to traverse.

The little group of which he was part formed, if he could have seen it, a prettier picture than even the glowing landscape without.

The old nurse, still healthy and strong, though her grey hair showed that many years had passed over head, sat in a large armchair, her snowy cap, apron, and kerchief tinged with the red sunlight that entered unbidden at the open door, and lingeringly touched the group on the threshold.

On a low stool beside her sat Renee, dressed simply, yet with artistic grace, for Cyril's young wife often laughingly assured him that she was by far the greater artist of the two; and indeed her talent was by no means small.

In one white hand she held a large Rubens hat, while the other caressed the dog beside her. She was no perfect beauty. Her features were pretty, but irregular; she had dark, well-shaped eyes, and a great deal of lovely red-brown chestnut hair, which was arranged, as was everything about her, in a most picturesque manner.

A soft color reigned in the cheeks which London life had made so pale, and Cyril devoutly thanked Heaven that the pure country air had so soon had such a beneficial result on his fragile darling. French by birth, Renee had been brought up in an English home by an unloving English stepfather, and her life had been a happy one until she met Cyril Dartlegh. However, their love-story is not the one in which I wish to interest my readers.

Suffice it to say that they were very fond of each other, and were much more happy than people who have married three years usually are.

With one hand lingering on Renee's head and the other resting on Nurse Maggie's chair, Cyril was no unworthy completion of the group. He was a fair, though bronzed, young man of about thirty.

There might always be observed a thoughtful shade in his handsome eyes, which told of troubles faced and overcome. He had a determined-looking mouth and chin, shaded by a long, fair moustache; but an indescribable look of humor, contradictory to his other characteristics as it may sound, took from his face any of that sternness which so often mars handsome faces of his type.

Standing six feet three inches in his stockings, he was a splendid specimen of Saxon beauty, and to-day the rough grey suit and knickerbockers which he wore showed up his manly, athletic form.

Nurse Maggie might well be proud of her "handsomest laddie," as she called him fondly.

The interior of the cottage was neat and clean, and, though but poorly furnished, was very comfortable. The old oak corner-cupboard and carved settee would have enchanted a connoisseur, as would also the old china in the cupboard and on various shelves about the room.

Flowers stood in the latticed windows, and, lit up by the sunset rays, the little cottage room formed a fitting background to the group of the threshold.

After the pause had lasted some minutes, Renee, looking up in Cyril's face like a spoilt child, said—

"If you dare to interrupt Maggie, sir, I shall condemn you to the lowest dungeon of the keep. Now, nurse, dear, please go on and tell me the story."

"You'd have to find the dungeon first, and I know you'd funk the dark passages, my lady," said Cyril, *sotto voce*.

Renee did not deign a reply, except by a scornful look. Then Maggie began—

"Well, Miss Renee, dear—or 'my Leddy' I should say—it's many years since I first heard the legend from the old lodge keeper of the entrance-gate; but I remember well-nigh every word of it, just as he told it me."

"It's been different in something or other every time I've heard it," murmured Cyril, under his breath.

"Oh, do be quiet, you stupid boy!" scolded Renee. "How can nurse go on if you behave like a silly schoolboy? And I'm longing to hear about the treasure, and then I mean to find it."

"Oh! you do, do you? That's all right," again murmured Cyril.

"Well, Maister Cyril, as for its being different to when I told it you last, that may be, for I've heard it just lately from the old steward—that was Mr. Angus—and so this time it's correct.

"Many years ago, Ma'am, there lived an Earl of Dartlegh as wasn't all that he ought to be. He was a miserly old man, and they did say as how it wasn't safe for anyone to go through the Dartlegh Forest, if they had riches or merchandise with them. Anyhow, it was known that he had a great quantity of very fine jewels, which it seems he had a craze for collecting.

"He was getting on in years, when one day his retainers—as Mr. Angus called them—strong, well-armed ruffians it seems they were, returned one night, dragging wi' them a bonnie leddy, from whom they had taken some wonderful diamonds, worth many thousands o' pounds. It seems she was travelling with three servants (who were killed by the Earl's men) through the wood when she was taken. She said that her feyther was a Baron, and had been killed in a quarrel wi' his brother, who had now got hold on the Barony, and that she was fleeing for refuge to her mither's relations.

"The diamonds, she added, had been in her mither's family for years an' years. Leddy Gertrude was sae beautiful and sae gude that the Earl, old as he was, fell in love wi' her; and in spite of her hatred of him—for she soon found out what sort of mon he was—made her swear to marry him, and the ceremony was performed. Puir Leddy Gertrude however grew paler and thinner, and the Earl's love soon vanished when she lost her bonnie looks, and he grew stern and cruel to her. Her kinsfolk believed her dead, and she felt that, without she could let them know where she was, death was the only reason open to her.

"But one day a young Knight, the son of a man who had once done the Earl great service, arrived at the Castle, and was welcomed warmly. He saw and pitied the puir leddy, who soon told her wretched story. He promised to let her kinsfolk ken that she lived and was wretched, for she felt sure that, powerful nobles as they were, they wad rescue her. Well, the twa of them agreed that some well-known sort of token must be sent by the Knight, Ralph Grey by name, see that they might ken that the tale was true.

"Leddy Gertrude had still the keeping of the diamonds, and she promised to meet the Knight in the cloisters, as they call 'em, of the deserted chapel near by the Castle. It will ne'er be kenned how the Earl got wind of this.

"His jealousy had already been set up by young Ralph's evident pity for his wife, and a mon may be main jealous of his wife, tho' he doesna love her.

"The moon was shining brightly when Leddy Gertrude stole out to meet the Knight, but a dark cloud showed a coming storm. Sir Ralph was waiting when she reached the given spot. After a few minutes she drew out from her dress the casket containing the jewels; but just as she was about to hand them to the Knight, she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank down moaning on the ground.

"A light flashed across the Knight's eyes; he saw the Earl with a bloody dagger stooping over the leddy's body; armed men came pouring in, and attacked him. Baffling their swords, he managed to get nigh one of the entrances, through which he wished to escape, when suddenly a loud clap of thunder was heard, and then a terrific crash. In a moment the fighting ceased.

"Sir Ralph was the first to recover himself; he got awa' to his ain hame safely, and lived to a gude age; but he was always dazed and daft like from that night, and I don't wonder. Well, the retainers just got awa' as quick as they could fra' the chapel after that crash. Some said they saw ghosts or wraiths, but that may or may not ha' been. Next morning the chapel was found nearly in ruins; the Earl was discovered stunned beside the dead body of his wife.

He soon recovered himself, and ordered everyone to leave the chapel just as it was. When next the ruins were seen, no trace of the body or jewels were found, and they say that the night after that fearsome scene the Earl was seen to go several times to the chapel, carrying boxes and bags.

He died soon after very miserably, of drinking too much wine, and not a bit of the famed jewelry could his heir, a nephew, find."

"But what became of the treasure and the body of the poor Lady Gertrude?" said Renee, whose pretty face had grown sad as she heard the legend.

"Why, that's just it, my Leddy; they say as how the Earl buried all his jewels and treasures with the body in the chapel, and that the Leddy Gertrude walks there, and cannot rest in her grave until the jewels are discovered; and the minister has read some prayers over her, for she was a very pious leddy, and as charitable as she could be, poor soul!"

"Thank you, nurse, dear," said Cyril, putting his young wife's hand within his arm, as they rose to go. "I am sure Renee is greatly pleased with the legend, are you not, darling?"

"Yes, nurse, but it was very sad. I shall always think of poor Lady Gertrude when I look at the old ruins. But now, nurse, if you were Cyril's mother's maid, did you come to be a native of Dartlegh, where Cyril never was before?"

"Old Mr. Dartlegh—Mr. Cyril's feyther—sent for a good, hard-working girl for his wife, and the minister's wife she sent me as being better eddicated than most of 'em. When my feyther died, he left me this cottage, and Mr. Cyril, he went to go on with the painting business in London, and here I came, and here I've remained ever since."

"Yes, I see. Thank you, and good-bye; and mind, Maggie, I shall expect to see you up at the Castle to-morrow."

"Good night, Maggie," said Cyril, "and don't tell my wife any more sad stories, however much she may badger you for them. She is looking quite pale."

* * * * * *

Renee kissed the old woman, and then they went down the little garden-path together, arm-in-arm. Cyril managed to turn Renee's thoughts from the sad legend, and they were laughing merrily ere they reached the little garden-gate.

"Heaven bless you both!" sighed the old woman as she watched them; "for a more loving and true-hearted couple never lived. I did think my laddie would never find anyone worthy of him; but she is the best young lady I ever did see, and, in

spite of her laughing ways, there's a deal of earnestness in her, and I do think that each one believes the other to be the most perfect person in the world."

And she sat down again to her work, while the young couple strolled home to the grim old Castle that stood on a rocky platform which rose behind the cottage, and, like it, commanded the most extensive and lovely view.

It had been a splendid fortress. Behind and on both sides rose the grey rocky hills, while the front was only accessible by a modern winding road and a little rocky footpath.

On the side of the half-decayed old building stood the remains of the chapel about which the legend was told.

It was up the rocky path that the young people chose to go. Half-way up they chanced upon a stone seat, from whence they had an extensive view; but the sunset was over, and there was a heaping up of dark clouds, which betokened a storm.

Still they lingered, talking over the early days of their acquaintance, as though they were still lovers, till night fell, and the rising wind brought the storm-clouds nearer overhead. Then Cyril roused himself from the silence which they had fallen into, with a regret at having kept Renee out so late.

They hurried up the remainder of the steep path, and just reached the Castle ere the tempest began.

After putting aside their hats, they entered the old library, which they used as a general sitting-room, as it was the most cosy and comfortable one in the house.

It was panelled nearly all round with beautifully carved black oak, which reached from the floor to a height of three feet. Above that the room was lined with books, which, like all else in the Castle, had once been handsome, but were now shabby with age and disuse.

Heavy shutters and drawn curtains shut out the night, two beautiful lamps shed a soft light around, and Cyril and his young wife sat down to a cosy little supper, served by an old butler who remembered Cyril's grandfather.

Soon after supper Renee went up to bed, but Cyril lingered over his cigar and glass of port; the latter, fine and old as it was, was by no means the least enjoyable part of the possessions left him by his cousin. Renee had not been gone five minutes before she returned, looking like the goddess Vesta in her white dressing-gown, her glorious hair all unbound, and a curious old lamp in her hand. As Cyril looked up from his paper, she said—

"I've dropped my dear old brooch containing mother's hair, and I can't find it anywhere. What shall I do? I'd rather lose my head than that."

Cyril sprang up, and assisted in her search, but it was unavailing.

"You've dropped it out of doors, I expect," he said. "I'll go and have a look with a lantern."

"Indeed, you'll do no such thing. Why, you'd catch your death of cold in the rain, and I'd rather lose a dozen brooches than that should happen, you dear, silly old fellow."

"Well, you'd better go to bed now, darling," said Cyril. "I told Gibson to lock up, so I expect they'll all be in bed. I don't suppose it will be long before I shall also retire. Still, I'd better say good night."

"Good night, good night, dear," said Renee; and then they kissed, and she went upstairs again.

"I've half a mind to go and have a look for it," thought he, after a moment's pause. "She sets such store by it, and I don't think it is raining now."

He got up, and, opening a side door, looked forth into the night. It was fine at that moment, though heavy clouds scurrying over the sky threatened at every moment to pour down torrents.

It only took a minute to throw on his overcoat, reach down a hat, and take up and light an old lantern.

Then, closing the door softly behind him, he strode forth into the night.

Through the courtyard, down the hill as far as the cottage, he searched in vain. Then he retraced his steps, looking well about the rocky seat on which they had rested.

At last he again reached the platform on which the Castle and chapel stood. Just as he was about to pass the latter, he remembered that Renee had sprung over the low wall to get a spray of clematis for her dress; and so he turned aside out of the path, and, striding over the broken-down wall entered the chapel.

Stooping to search the grass, he started up surprised, as a light flashed suddenly across his eyes.

Gazing into the dark and less ruined part of the chapel, he thought he made out a dim figure. Raising his lantern, he advanced slowly, for the floor was broken in many places.

The moon was obscured by clouds, and though not deficient in courage, yet with the legend fresh on his mind, he was startled when he found, by the growing dimness of his lantern, that the candle was nearly finished.

Still, he hoped it would last long enough to enable him to search the chapel, and get home again.

Glancing up for a minute to where he fancied he had seen the figure, he stumbled over a broken stone, and in his unavailing effort to save himself, let slip the lantern, which went out as it fell. For some minutes Cyril felt stunned; and, on coming to himself, what was his horror to find that stooping over him was a female figure clad in white!

Again the remembrance of the legend rushed over him, and he tried to struggle to his feet.

The figure was robed in a white mediæval dress, and a mass of beautiful hair fell from beneath the white head-dress which it wore.

On the right shoulder there was an ornament like a clasp, literally encrusted with magnificent diamonds, which glittered and sparkled in the light of a tiny taper held in the right hand, to which it served as a kind of splendid reflector.

On the left side the dress was stained a dark red in several places, from the blood which was continually dropping from a horrible wound just below the left collar-bone. The face of this ghastly apparition was nearly concealed by a veil attached to the head-dress, which was drawn partially over the face, and again caught in at the waist.

Cyril mechanically took in all these details as he sat staring, as though fascinated, at the figure.

Suddenly it turned, and beckoning him to follow, it glided through the chancel to where the cloisters had once stood.

For one moment the moon again shone out, and as he followed the apparition, Cyril noticed that the phantom left a track of blood.

Then the clouds again overshadowed the moon, and he could only just see the figure in front of him.

When they reached the cloisters, the ghost turned, and again the blaze of the diamonds caused him to start with their brilliancy.

The figure next drew back the veil from its face, showing the haggard remains of what must have once been great beauty, and, pointing to a heap of fallen masonry, said, in a sweet, but hollow voice—

"Remove ye these stones."

Cyril bent down, and in a few minutes had cleared a space of about three feet square.

Enclosed in this was a flat, carved stone, like those generally to be seen in old churches and chapels. This Cyril was to raise; and, after some trouble, he did so, discovering a precipitous flight of steps. Down these the figure led the way, and Cyril followed.

The steps ended in a circular vaulted cell, which was empty, except on one side, where there were several chests of different materials bound with metal. On these lay a quantity of bags and caskets, doubtless containing the long-hidden jewels. Cyril felt his heart leap with joy at the thought of what he could do with so much wealth, and turned to where the figure had stood.

To his unspeakable horror, by the foot of the steps stood, instead of the veiled and draped apparition, was a grisly skeleton. On one bony shoulder still blazed the diamonds, reflecting now a dim phosphorescent light, which seemed to come from the bones.

Half-crazed with terror and disgust at this sight, Cyril turned and rushed up the steps and through the remains of the cloisters, falling senseless on the chapel floor.

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When he came to his senses, he found it was just daylight. Renee was stooping over him and bathing his head with water, while Nurse Maggie and the other servants stood round, offering various suggestions for his restoration.

After drinking some wine he managed to walk to the house, explaining as he did so how he had gone out and fallen in searching the chapel for the brooch, but making no other mention of his night's experiences.

When he reached home, Renee told him how she had woke up very early that morning, and surprised at not finding him in bed, had slipped down while it was still dark to see if he had fallen asleep in the study.

Not finding him there, she had roused the servants, and sent down to Nurse Maggie's cottage to see if he was there; but in vain.

The old woman got up, and returned with the messenger, and had been the first to suggest looking in the ruined chapel for Cyril. There they found him in a senseless condition.

At this moment the young village doctor arrived. He heard the same story as the servants.

"But, my Lord," he said, "if you had remained senseless from 11.30 last night to 5.30 this morning, you would be in a much worse state than you are."

Cyril remained silent for a few minutes, and then, looking up in the young doctor's sensible, good-humored face, said—

"Well, I'll tell you the whole truth. Come here, Renee; I want you to hear too," and then he told them of the marvellous apparition.

At first they were incredulous, and thought his mind wandering; but after a while they became convinced that he was speaking the truth.

When he had finished, the doctor hurried off to the chapel to see if the opening and steps were still exposed to view, and came back to tell them that nothing was to be seen, and the cloisters were just the same as usual.

This roused Renee's incredulity.

At last it was settled that two nights later—to avoid suspicion—Dr. Clayton was to come up to supper, the servants were to be sent to bed, and then they were to search the spot where Cyril declared the treasure was hidden.

It was a beautifully fine night when Renee, warmly wrapped up, joined the two men at the door, after having seen that the servants had retired.

As they entered the ruin, Cyril again recounted that dreadful night's experiences. They saw no figure or apparition of any kind as Cyril led them straight to the spot where, in the cloisters, there was a heap of broken masonry. In a few minutes the doctor and Cyril had cleared this away, and raised the flag of stone underneath. There lay the steps, sure enough, and neither Renee nor the doctor required further proof.

They did not do more that night, as Renee was with them; but the next day Cyril, the doctor, and the minister of the parish entered the vault.

There were the metal-bound chests, the bags, and caskets, all filled with priceless gems or gold coins; and there stood the skeleton, like a grim sentinel of the steps, kept upright by bands of iron. The diamonds still blazed on the shoulder, just as they did when Cyril saw, or thought he saw them before.

The bones were reverently placed in a coffin, and buried in the Dartlegh family vault. Cyril did his best to keep this marvellous tale from spreading, and succeeded wonderfully. The villagers did not like to speak of anything "as were uncanny," and both the doctor and the minister promised to keep the secrets.

Nurse Maggie was not apparently at all surprised at the finding of the treasure. She knew her "bonnie laddie wad get his deserts," and in coming years she will tell the tale to Cyril's two-year-old son and little baby daughter, both of whom the devoted parents consider the best and most beautiful children in the world; and, indeed, they are not to be wondered at.

As for the jewels, they were so magnificent that, on being privately disposed of, they realized a sum which, when securely funded, afforded a far larger income than Cyril had ever dared to hope of possessing, and the Dartlegh estate now fully repays, by its splendid agricultural produce, the energy and money spent on it by its owner.

Some of the diamonds (and enough to have obtained the reputation of being the finest in the country) may be seen on grand occasions on Lady Dartlegh's pretty person, and it is noticeable that she generally has a scarf of some sort, artistically draped, and caught up by a magnificent diamond clasp, the best of her beautiful jewels.

The old Castle is in splendid repair now. A fine sloping carriage-road leads up to the platform, built partially on handsome grey stone arches.

The chapel ruins are still there, and contain many interesting relics; but never since that night when Lord Cyril saw, or dreamt he saw it, has the ghost of Lady Gertrude Dartlegh been seen.

The Forgotten Past.

BY DONATI.

"ARE those the bride and bridegroom?" asked Mrs. Thomson, indicating with a wave of her fan a lady and gentleman who had just entered the room.

"Yes," replied her companion. "Is she not pretty?"

"Rather too girlish for my taste," was the reply. "I cannot think what made Lady Montly give her the chief part in this play they all talk so much about."

Here Mrs. Thomson ended rather abruptly, for Lady Montly, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Baily, had crossed the room and was now quite close to where she was sitting.

"I hope you do not feel nervous, dear," Lady Montly—a stately old lady in black velvet, with a handsome face framed with snow-white hair—was saying.

"Not very," answered the bride.

"I'm glad of that," said the old lady, with an air of great relief; "for Mr. Vernon—the famous actor, you know—is going to spend a few days here, and that makes me more than ever anxious that our play should be a success."

"There, May, there's a chance for you," remarked the young husband, laughing. "Perhaps, if you act very well, Mr. Vernon would get you an engagement at one of the London theatres."

"I should hardly think you would be likely to give your consent to such a step, Mr. Baily," said Lady Montly, as they moved on.

"Why not?" was the reply, half in jest and half in earnest. "It would be a good thing to have something to fall back on when trades fall."

Lady Montly's entertainments were celebrated all over the county; but it was whispered that to-morrow's ball would surpass anything ever seen before. Before the ball there was to be acting, and it was to this that Mrs. Thomson alluded when she spoke of "the play."

That Mrs. Baily should have the principal part had caused a good deal of jealousy among the other guests staying at Mundsly Hall; but the author—a friend of Lady Montly's, and also staying in the house—claimed the right of giving the parts to whom he pleased, and it was soon seen that he had chosen well.

Mrs. Baily was what is often called "a born actress." That is, she was tall and slight, with a good voice, and a face capable of many changes of expression, while, best of all, she could forget her own identity in that of the character she was personating.

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The eventful evening came at last. The grand old hall—at one end of which the stage was erected—was filled with people all eagerly waiting for the play to begin. Among them sat Mr. Baily; he did not act, and was quite content to watch his young wife and join in the applause he felt was only her due.

Very pretty she looked in her Italian dress—for the scene was laid in Italy—and it was with a thrill of pardonable pride that her husband heard Mr. Vernon ask "what the lady's name was, who acted so well?" and when told he begged to be introduced to her afterwards, adding, "With a little training, she would make a splendid "actress; but"—in a lower tone—"it is plain she has not had much sorrow in her life."

The practiced eye of the great actor had seen what the others had failed to notice—that the pathetic parts of the play were the least true of all Mrs. Baily's acting.

For only those who have known sorrow themselves thoroughly enter into the grief of others.

Never in her whole life had the young bride received so much attention as was paid her that night, and she received Mr. Vernon's compliments with an easy grace that charmed him extremely.

"You ought to be a professional," he said, handing her a plate of ice, as they rested from their dance.

"And get hissed off the stage for my pains," she replied, laughing.

"I do not think there would be much fear of that. If ever you feel inclined to make acting your profession, you must let me know; I might be able to help you."

"Many thanks. When that day comes, I will not forget your offer."

Idle words, and idly spoken; but yet there is a proverb that says, "Many a true word is spoken in jest."

"Really, for a married woman, the way she goes on is positively shocking. You would never see me laying myself out to attract notice as she is doing," muttered Mrs. Thomson, whose good resolves however were never likely to be put to the test.

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Little more than a year has passed since Lady Montly's ball, yet, short as the time has been, it has brought the first great sorrow into May Baily's happy life.

Sitting in the gloom of a winter evening, she reviews the past, and tries to gain strength to face the future.

It seemed only yesterday that her husband had come to her with an open letter in his hand, bearing an Indian post-mark.

It was from his brother, saying that he was ill—dying, he feared—and begging Charlie, if possible, to come to him without delay.

"Must you go?" she asked.

"I fear I must," he replied. "Poor fellow! he has only me in the world, and I promised father to take care of him."

"You shall not go alone. I will go too."

For one moment his face lit up with sudden joy, then he said—

"It is impossible. The climate would kill you, to say nothing of the voyage. Then there is baby."

So she was obliged to give in and remain at home. A journey to India in those days was very different to what it is now. The time was counted by weeks instead of days, and months elapsed before those at home could obtain news of the traveller. At last May had a letter. Her husband was well, had found his brother living, and was going to take him to a small village in the hills, where he would have a better chance of recovery than in the sultry heat of the plains.

Then came a long pause; then another letter terrible in its unexpected tidings. It was from a stranger, a gentleman whose acquaintance Mr. Baily had made on the voyage out. With hardly an effort to break the dreadful news, it told that a sudden rising of the natives had taken place, in which all the English had been massacred—her husband amongst the rest—the writer alone escaping.

Hardly had May recovered from the effects of this shock when a new and unlooked-for trouble presented itself. Before leaving home Charlie had explained to her exactly how they stood with regard to money matters.

Should he die before he was twenty-five years of age, the whole of his property would go to a cousin.

After his twenty-fifth birthday it would be his to dispose of as he pleased. Since his marriage he had saved enough (he was only twenty-four) to secure his wife and child from want in case of anything happening to himself.

But the bank in which his money was placed failed, and May Baily found herself almost penniless, while at the same time she was left alone in the world, for, like her husband, she was an orphan.

That Charlie was really dead she could not bring herself to believe, but that belief did not make things seem any clearer. It was useless to apply for help to the cousin who had claimed and taken possession of the property, for he was miserly to the last degree—one who would not part with a penny to save her from starvation.

Of friends she had the usual amount—very pleasant to meet and talk to at balls and tennis parties, but not the sort of people of whom she could bring herself to ask help, and who would probably not have given it had she done so.

She doubted if she knew enough for a governess, even if she had the patience to teach; and then there was the baby—now doubly dear—to be considered.

She had left her northern home and come to London to see Lady Montly, from whom she felt sure of sympathy; but she was away on a visit, and Mrs. Baily could not even obtain her address. So she sat sadly thinking, when suddenly the idea

occurred to her, why not write to Mr. Vernon and claim that promise made so lightly a year and a-half ago?

She got out her paper and sat down; but then came doubts. Very likely he had not meant what he said; it was only a delicate way of paying a compliment.

Probably he would throw her letter aside before he had half read it. Still, it would be foolish not to try, and she had always heard him spoken of as a very benevolent man.

So the letter was posted, but the next day passed and there was no reply. On the third, when May was beginning to give up all hope, Mr. Vernon himself appeared.

The sight of him brought that happy visit at Mundsly Hall so vividly before her, that at first it was all she could do to answer his questions calmly.

He was very kind, and it was a great relief to have someone whose advice she could trust. Their talk lasted a long while, and it ended in her deciding to accept an engagement he had been able to procure for her in one of the provincial towns.

Before he took his leave, in a few well-chosen words he warned her against the belief that her new life would be an easy one.

"It will be full of hard, and perhaps at first distasteful work; but do not despair. You need only good training to become a first-rate actress."

Then he said good-bye, more charmed than ever with the gentle little lady, whose troubles had but given her a dignity he had not noticed.

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May preferred to act under the name she had borne before her marriage; it seemed almost like desecration to use the one Charlie had given her, so she called herself Miss Bosanquette.

It was the last night of her engagement, and her last appearance in the little county town of N——.

Already people were talking about her; she was beginning to make a name. The life which she had taken up as the only means of gaining a livelihood which offered, suited her.

Of course it was not all sunshine. There were moments when she longed with a yearning indescribable for a return to the old life which seemed so peaceful. She still clung to her belief that her husband was alive, though all tidings from India would have served rather to destroy than strengthen this hope.

The native rising in which he had been said to have perished was but the forerunner of the long series of horrors known afterwards as the Indian Mutiny.

It was very late when Mrs. Bally returned to her lodgings, and her surprise was great when she saw a gentleman seated by the little sitting-room table.

For one instant a wild thought that it might be Charlie rushed through her mind; but it was at once dispelled when the stranger rose and proved himself to be Mr. Vernon.

"I daresay you are surprised to see me at this time of night," he said, pleasantly, as she came forward to greet him; "and indeed it is, I must ask you, if not too tired, to give close attention to what I am going to tell you."

"You have taken a safe way of gaining that by provoking my curiosity," she replied, her heart beating quickly. "Could he be going to give her news of Charlie?

"Mr. Hardman, one of the best London managers," began Mr. Vernon, "is going to bring out a new play. The first performance is fixed for this day week. Everything is ready; but yesterday the lady who was to have taken the heroine's part slipped on a piece of orange-peel and broke her leg.

"It was a rather a risky speculation before, but this makes it more so. Mr. Hardman is a friend of mine, and he asked me if I knew you, and said I was sure you could do it—that I had seen you act it before; so now you can guess the reason of my visit. Here is a copy of the play."

He handed her a small book, and she took it eagerly, too much astonished to speak. One glance, and she had recognized it as the same in which she had acted at Lady Montly's.

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" she almost sobbed.

"Think before you decide," he said, guessing the reasons that prompted her refusal. "It may be long before you get another such chance as this. If you are successful, as I hope you may be, you will have no difficulty in getting a really good engagement where you will be able to perfect your talents. For your boy's sake you ought not to miss such a chance."

"How good you are, taking all this trouble for me!" she exclaimed. "How shall I ever be able to thank you as you deserve?"

"By coming to London with me to-morrow to tell Mr. Hardman you have accepted."

There was a moment's pause, and then she said, "I will."

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The moonlight streaming into a bedroom falls softly upon the slight figure kneeling by the bed.

There is no light in the room but that of the moon—no sound but that of passionate sobs.

Yet that girl is Miss Bosanquette, who but a few hours ago achieved a triumph of which many an older actress might be proud.

After months of hard work, success had at last crowned her efforts, and she found it very bitter.

If was only now she felt the full force of the word "alone."

There was no one to rejoice in her triumph, none to be proud of her success. She was alone, and, kneeling there, she gave free course to the grief that overwhelmed her. By-and-by she grew calmer; the cold beauty of the moonlight soothed her.

"O God," she prayed, "give me patience. Let me but know that he is dead, and I will bear it. Have mercy on me and end this uncertainty."

Then sweet and clear there rang in her ears, from a neighboring church, an anthem she had once heard in the happy times that seemed so far away now, "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

It seemed a message of hope sent when her need was worst. The words comforted her as nothing else could have done. The sobs ceased, while the moonlight rested as if in benediction on the bowed head.

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"Now, Charlie, don't be angry, but I could not let you spend another miserable evening as you did last night, so I have taken places for this new play everyone is talking about."

"It is very good of you, old boy; but really I do not care to go."

"Nonsense! If you sit brooding over the horrors you have been through, you will become crazed. I shall not go if you do not."

More to please his brother than for any pleasure to himself, Charlie Bally assented, and once more relapsed into deep thought again.

His face was much older-looking and more worn than when he bade farewell to his wife, and indeed his life since then had been enough to age any man.

Nearly murdered at the beginning of the Mutiny, he had experienced all its horrors. Cut off from communication with the outer world, he could learn nothing of what was going on at home, and returned to find his wife missing.

No trace of her could be discover; he did not even know if she were alive; and so it was in a frame of mind far removed from pleasure that he accompanied his brother to the theatre that evening.

Anxious to obtain a respite from the thoughts that maddened him, he gave undivided attention to the play. He was puzzled by a curious feeling of having seen it before, though where he could not tell. He turned to the programme, and the name, "For Love," was also familiar.

The next moment a loud clapping of hands made him look up, and Fred, turning to say, "I suppose that is Miss Bosanquette," was frightened at the ghastly whiteness of his face.

"Are you ill, Charlie?" he asked.

"No," replied his brother. "I was startled. She is so like May."

"Nonsense!"

Charlie knew now where he had seen that play before. The crowded London theatre seemed to vanish, and he was once more sitting in a large oak-panelled hall, surrounded by faces that he knew.

Eagerly he watched the play. Could it be that his wife and the celebrated actress, Miss Bosanquette, were one and the same? Impossible, and yet——

The first act was now over, and the pause before the curtain rose on the second, seemed, to one at least of the audience, endless. At last it was over, and he saw her no longer as an Italian peasant-girl, but as the wife of one of the leading men in the struggle to throw off the Austrian yoke.

It could no longer be said of May Bally that her sad parts were the least true to Nature.

She had served her apprenticeship to sorrow, and had passed through it to fame. At the parting between the husband and the fair, girlish wife—he to encounter a hundred dangers in furthering the contemplated rising; she to remain at home praying for his safety—there was hardly a dry eye in all that vast building.

Doubt had almost entirely vanished in Charlie Bally's mind, and he felt that the next scene would confirm his belief.

This was one of the best in the play. Again it was the interior of a pretty Italian room; but the young wife is alone this time, and it is weeks since she has heard from her husband. She hears footsteps approaching the room, and, thinking it is her husband, runs to the door to meet him.

It is only a man whose love she has once rejected, and who is, though she knows it not, eager to revenge himself for that repulse.

He is the bearer of news from Signor Cevellini, and slowly, as if trying to break the fearful tidings, but in reality enjoying her agony of suspense, he tells her that her husband has been arrested by the Austrians, and his life is in danger.

Then, when the first violence of the shock has passed, he suggests that there are means by which he can still be saved. Eagerly she catches at this ray of hope, but it is dispelled by his reply, demanding as the price of her husband's freedom, the names of the other leaders in his conspiracy.

Indignantly she refuses; but, nothing daunted, he continues his arguments; and the spectators listen breathlessly as the resistance grows fainter and fainter, until at last it ceases, and not a sound is to be heard as the fatal names fall from the white lips of the shuddering girl.

In the thunder of applause that followed, Charlie Bally's agitation passed unnoticed. But, weakened by illness and the privations he had undergone, the shock of finding his wife at such an undreamt-of time and place was too much for him, and for the first time in his life he fainted dead away.

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"A gentleman to see you, ma'am. He won't give his name."

"Show him up," said Mrs. Bally, never doubting but that it was Mr. Vernon.

It was still early in the morning; the baby was taking its morning airing in the Park, and she was alone.

There was a quick step on the stairs, the door was flung open, a cry of "May, my darling," and in the next instant she was in her husband's arms.

"Oh, Charlie, I knew you would come," she murmured, as she sat beside him, her head resting on his shoulder.

"My poor darling, how you must have suffered! But it is all over now."

"Yes, now I have you again."

And in the happiness of feeling she was no longer alone, the troubles of the past were forgotten.

THE BEGGAR'S PARADISE.—Perhaps the most curious of all guilds in an Oriental town, and one which flourishes exceedingly in Cavalla, a Grecian town of Turace is the beggars' guild. Like other guilds, they have their own laws, their President and their Council.

This Council gives a diploma to those who wish to beg, and without permission no one dare seek alms at the churches, mosques or street doors; all the legitimate beggars would rise up in arms against him, and his life would not be worth much.

Friday is the recognised beggars' day, on which they go around from door to door and get their wallets filled with bread and beans; these are divided by the community; nothing is private property; it is against their creed.

The Beggars' Brotherhood is rich; they possess house property, the income of which is spent for the benefit of the community, and once a year—on the day of St. John the Charitable—they have a feast. They all go to church on this day; it would be difficult to recognise the tidily dressed members of this honorable community in their best clothes; rags and tatters are only necessary for them when they are on their rounds.

Beggary pays very well. If a Beggar's daughter marries she is dowered by the community, the President goes to the betrothal, and his consent is essential. At Salonica, Baud Demetrius is the President; he is easily recognized as he parades the street singing his ever acting waif.

And though you know him to be a rich man, that his wife is well dressed, and that his daughter will receive a handsome dower, his plea for alms is almost irresistable.

A HINDOO WEDDING.—The branches of the trees in the garden were outlined with little lamps, and a large pond in front of the house was hung round very high up with flags. From the balcony of the house I saw the bridegroom arrive on a led horse, accompanied by many friends.

He was dressed in cloth of gold and wore a splendid hat, and his richly-caparisoned horse had wreaths of yellow flowers placed at equal short distances across its back and hanging down to the ground. He dismounted at the entrance, where his little bride met him and threw rice over her own and his head as a symbol that she would care for the wants of the household.

They went together into the house where the wedding guests were assembled, and sat down on two red cushions facing each other. A white cloth was held up in front of his face and she covered her face with her sari, whilst a cord of yellow and white worsted was then put round their necks, joining them together. A large piece of muslin was then put round his neck and held up close to her, and under this they joined hands.

On leaving the house, a bouquet, on which attar of roses had been poured, was presented to every guest and wreaths of flowers were hung round our necks by our hosts.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF PLEASURE.—The following is from a leading medical journal: The question has often been asked as to what constitutes the greatest pleasure and who is the happiest man, but it is obviously one that does not admit of solution.

The intensity of the pleasurable sensation is a matter of temperament and surroundings, but, other things equal, the happiest man is he who possesses the greatest sensibility, the most powerful imagination, the strongest will and the least number of prejudices. The men are rare who can, by an effort of the will, arrest the oscillations of sorrow and allow only chords of pleasure to vibrate.

Pleasure is the mode of sensation, never the sensation itself, and it is not a paradox, but an incontestible, physiological truth, to say that no pleasure exists which is essentially or necessarily a pleasure. The ideal of perfection in humanity would be to efface pain from the list of sensations, and so give all men the maximum number of pleasures. All the rest, as the philosopher said, is but dream and vapor.

"CLARENCE, dear," said the girl anxiously, "what in the world do you suppose pa would say if he knew you drank beer? You know how very strict he is." "But he doesn't know it darling," responded Clarence reassuringly; "we had a drink together to-day, and both of us drank whisky."

KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The wealth of the nations in 1890 was estimated as follows: United States, $43,642,000,000, $870 per capita; England $43,456,000,000, $1,241; France $35,972,000,000, $972; Germany $29,464,000,000, $654; Russia $17,169,000,000, $275; Austria $14,782,000,000, $808; Italy $902,000,000, $52.

The lightest metal know is lithium, and it is quoted at $7 00 a pound, more than thirty times as costly as gold. Here is an idea for the jeweler. Lithium is rare and costly, therefore but few can have it. Why not manufacture lithium jewelry? No matter whether it is beautiful or not, being rare and costly, it will sell. Whatever the multitude cannot have, people want very much indeed.

Baseball nines might do worse than to take a leaf out of the book of an Australian football club which has arranged with an accident insurance company to pay any of its members who are disabled whilst playing the game a weekly stipend as long as they remain on the sick-list, and $1,000 to the relatives if the injuries received in the football field should terminate fatally. Football has long ceased to be a game and become a warfare, and the same is in a less degree not wholly untrue in regard to our national game.

The smallest watch in America, according to a New York importer, has just been received by him from Switzerland. The order was given eight months ago and it cost $80. The face of the watch is inclosed thirty-seconds fan inch in diameter, while the diameter of the case is about that of a dime. The movement is a 14-k. jeweled gilt cylinder and is nicely regulated. Diminutive as the watch is, the figures upon its face are so plain that the time can be told without difficulty. The watch is a stem winder.

An agitation is going on in India against the slaughter of cows for food for the soldiers. It is pointed out that it takes over 125,000 cows every year to feed the soldiers, and that the Hindoos themselves very rarely touch meat, living upon rice, vegetables and milk. Once even the poorest could have all the milk he wanted for his babies and himself, but now it is impossible for the villagers to get milk even for the infants whose mother's breasts have failed, and the failure of the breasts is due chiefly also to the lack of cow's milk. Thousands of children die on this account yearly.

Four children of a family from Chicago, at one of the Saratoga hotels are known by the names of "One," "Two," "Three," and "Four." The eldest is 10 years of age, and they are all fine handsome children, who would commend themselves to notice if it were not for their names. The cause is a freak of their father. He explains that having frequently noticed the intense dissatisfaction of the children with the names bestowed upon them, he resolved to give his children the opportunity of selecting their own names, so he calls them "One," "Two," etc., until they reach 12 years, when they are given the privilege of selecting their own names. The plan, he says, has given much satisfaction in his family.

Rev. Spencer Compton, an eminent English clergyman, relates the following incident: "During a trip to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, as the sea was rising fast, and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the efforts of the crew to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin, and close to my bull's-eye window, so that its light might shine upon the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right; he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life. It was only when the timely light shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

Turtles attain a great age, and we read of one that died recently in Chester, Eng., which must have been more than 125 years old, having lived in one family more than a century. He was trained to be friendly with the household cats, and would eat his bread and milk out of the same dish with them. In accordance with the usual habits of turtles, he would bury himself in the earth for the winter season and, strange to say, the cats never manifested the least surprise at his disappearance. About the middle of October he would make his way into the garden and nothing more would be seen of him until sometime in April. Then he would suddenly put in an appearance at the kitchen door, all covered with mud and resume his meals with his feline friends as if they had feasted together only the day before. No one could find where he buried himself, until he emerged from his temporary grave. An examination of the hole then showed that he had gone down two feet, and sometimes four, if the winter was very cold. This hole was a foot or more in diameter, and how he ever concealed it so carefully, when digging it, is a great mystery.

Our Young Folks.

D AND P.

BY E. M. W.

I WAS about twelve years old when mother proposed that we should go into the country instead of to the seaside for our summer holidays. She found an old house in the centre of a lovely wood at E——, in Gloucestershire,

Although it stood alone, it was not so dull as might be supposed, because it was close to the carriage road which led through the wood to the nearest village in one direction, and to the nearest town in the other direction.

We found E—— even prettier than we expected.

The woods were so large that we often lost ourselves, till we all bought whistles, with which we managed to find each other in the course of time.

It was splendid playing hide-and-seek in these woods, for they were honeycombed here and there for the excellent stone found in various parts.

Stone quarries, chalk and sand pits could be found in different directions, but at the time of our visit none of them were worked except by us.

We had been at E—— a month, and were as brown as gipsies, and as happy as the days were long

Mother and Dora had started one morning for Clauderdale Market, and Betsy, the maid, had gone to meet them with cloaks and umbrellas, for it had begun to rain at about twelve o'clock, and every one knows that is a bad time.

We were standing at the window, listening for the first sounds of the pony's feet, when Harold pointed to one of the panes.

"Do you see those letters, Gordon?" he asked. "I noticed them a few days ago—'D and P.' I wonder what they mean. I should so like to know."

"David and Polly," I said laughing; "two children who have been in the house, and wanted to leave their marks behind them. Let us put ours by the side."

"You are a duffer," said Harold, who sometimes forget he is a year younger than I. "Where is the diamond to cut it with? I say, D stands for diamond. I wonder whether——"

"And P stands for pork, and there isn't a pig on the window sill," I said sharply, for Harold reads so many books that I really believe that he thinks himself somebody else every day.

"But there's the oddest-looking fish coming up the path," said Harold in a good-natured tone.

Of course the front door stood open, and I don't suppose we should have thought of running to fasten it, even if the stranger had not been too quick for us.

He tapped with his knuckles, and was standing calmly on the inner mat when we went out to him.

An odd fish indeed he looked, an old broad-brimmed hat crushed down over his eyes, and a long coat with big sleeves, more like mother's waterproof than a man's coat.

"Is Madame Purchas at home?" he asked, with a very foreign accent.

We explained that Mrs. Purchas had let her house to us.

"She has soon got tired of it, then," he said, looking sharply around. "It stood empty four years, and she has not been here one. And this is the *salle-a manger* (dining-room)"

As he spoke the stranger stepped through the half-open door of the room we had just left, while we followed, speechless with amazement.

"I make apology, young gentlemen," he said, calmly seating himself near the window. "I have only just come from Australia. My father was a Frenchman, and has a lot of money. I cannot touch it till I get his will, which is hidden in this house. He lived here six years ago. I am come all this way to find his will; you will let me get it, will you not?"

"Where is it?" said Harold rather gruffly, for neither of us liked our visitor, and both of us thought his accent very peculiar.

"Yes, yes, monsieur, all in good time, mon cher. Now, here on one of these panes are some letters. There they are: D for Dupres, P for Pierre. Now, just on the line with my father's initials, and so many feet off"—he measured so quickly we could not count—"you won't mind my taking up the carpet?"

The man was evidently well prepared for he had two sides of the carpet up in a few moments.

"Ah! here is the board;" and before we realized what he was about his long sleeves had covered the opening he had made by raising a piece of board.

He seemed to get his arm right under the floor, and presently, with a little shriek of delight, he brought it out again.

"Ah, behold! Here it is!" he cried, and pushed a dirty roll of paper into my face, while he actually embraced Harold in his joy.

"Now I have the dear father's will; now I am rich, and you kind gentlemen shall not be forgotten. I must hurry now," he added, as he busily closed the door and fastened down the carpet. "I must catch the 4.30 train at Clauderdale."

In another five minutes the stranger was out of the house, and you may be sure we locked the door after him. Then we sat down and stared at each other.

"Dupres, Pierre," said Harold scornfully, pointing to the letters on the window-pane. "Why not Pierre first, and Dupres afterwards? I don't believe a word of it, Gordon. Before we are a day older I mean to see what's under that board."

"We must not frighten mother and Dora," I said.

So we agreed to have bright faces and say nothing of our unpleasant visitor until we had explored for ourselves.

That night we went to bed with our clothes on, and kept awake till everyone elsewas sound asleep, when we crept quietly downstairs.

We found the opening in the floor after a long search, raised the square of wood with a penknife, and found—nothing!

"The man must have been right after all," said Harold, looking ruefully at his dirty hands; "yet I could have declared he was shamming."

"Let us have one more dig each," said I, "then we will give it up, and beg our visitor's pardon."

I laid flat on the floor and felt about in all directions as far as I could reach. A thick beam ran across the room, and squeezing my hand under it I felt a small iron ring.

Twisting it about a spring gave away and a drawer shot noiselessly out by the side of the beam.

Speechless I felt into it and took out a handful of wool, and put it on the floor, Harold held the candle quite close.

A magnificent necklace of diamonds and pearls sparkled in the light from amidst the cotton wool.

"D and P," cried Harold, "diamonds and pearls, Gordon, diamonds and pearls!—The man is a thief!—That's what the letters mean. Get them all out."

There must have been several thousand pounds' worth of jewels in that box, and I don't think you will blame waking mother at once.

"Some of this wool must have been here for years," she said; "and here is a little piece of newspaper dated ten years ago. But this last necklace is quite clean and the wool quite white. I expect the man came to hide them here, not to find his father's will. We must go to London tomorrow, and take the jewelry with us to Scotland Yard."

But we did not go, after all.

As we were looking at our favorite haunts before leaving the next day—we stood talking in one of the thickest parts of the wood—we heard a groan.

Harold and I tried in vain to trace the sound, till I remembered something I had read in a book of travels, and lay on the ground to listen.

The sound seemed to be almost under me. Then crawling on hands and knees, for fear of falling over some unexpected hole, I found that the place on which we were standing was quite undermined; there had evidently been a stone quarry below.

We jumped back rather quickly, lest our light weight should make the earth give way, but in a few minutes we gained courage, and Harold scrambled down by means of overhanging shrubs and trees. He came up again presently with his face and hands scratched, and threw himself down by my side.

"There's a cave just under here, and someone groaning awfully inside. It's as black as night there; let us get a lantern and see what is the matter."

Too excited to think we were running any risk, we fetched a lantern from the stable, and left the house without being seen; everyone was busy packing.

I shall never forget standing in front of that cave, which might have been the den of some wild beasts, so far as our feelings went.

Harold was a little in front of me, peering into the darkness, while I stood wondering what we ought to do. Suddenly the groans ceased, and a feeble voice said—

"Oh! please give me—give me some water."

The voice seemed familiar to us, and, lighting the candle, we went on hand in hand.

At the farthest corner of the cave, on a bed of dried ferns, lay the man who had visited us the previous day.

At first he seemed alarmed, and fel about for a pistol, which, however, happily for us, he could not find.

"I suppose it fell out of my pocket when I fell over the quarry yesterday," he said, gasping between each word, but without a trace of foreign accent. "I am at your mercy, young gentlemen, if you choose to send the police after me, but for pity's sake give me some water! I've broken my leg, but I managed just to crawl here. I've had a night of agony, and I believe I have hurt myself inside somehow. Any way, I shan't live to go to prison."

I fetched the poor man some water, and Harold ran for mother, who sent word that she would come as soon as she could get help from the village.

So the robber was taken to the infirmary at Caulderdale late that afternoon, where he gave a history of his life.

He had been a servant in the house in the wood when a boy, and found out the secret drawer under the beam. He had cut the initials on the window when he had joined a gang of thieves, and lived in the house with his father some ten years before.

All precious stones which they stole were hidden there, until it was considered safe to dispose of them.

The thief died in the infirmary from internal injuries caused by his fall, and was, I believe, quite penitent.

We found that Mrs. Purchas knew nothing about the secret drawer, though she had for some time felt certain that someone had often visited the house when she and her maid had gone together to market.

I need hardly say that the jewels were all returned to their rightful owners by the police authorities.

The house in the wood now belongs to us, and we use the drawer under the beam as a savings' bank.

TED'S ORGAN.

BY L. M. FIRTH.

IT was a very rainy day. Everything was wet and dreary, and so was poor Ted, the organ-boy, as he trudged home with his hurdy-gurdy.

He had toiled in vain that day. Nobody wanted his music, and he had been turned away with a sharp word or threatened with the police.

It was very discouraging, and he would have to go home and tell his mother that he had earned hardly anything for her.

At length all the crowded streets were passed, and Ted reached his own door quite worn out.

Having put his organ away for the night, and he slowly mounted the rough uneven stairs, and at last gained the attic where his mother laid.

Nancy, Ted's little sister, came running to meet him with "Have you had a good day, Teddy?"

"No," he said sadly; "but let's have tea quick, Nancy, and don't wake mother."

The next morning was fine and bright, and Ted started off early in capital spirits, and before night found himself the happy possessor of a good handful of coppers and some silver besides.

He spent some of his money for provisions for the small household, and was just turning the street in which he lived when a heavy cart coming sharply around knocked against the organ, jarring it tremendously.

Ted did not think much about the accident, beyond observing that the case of the instrument was damaged; but the next morning he discovered that the organ was broken.

"What's to be done now?" said Mrs. Finch, when Ted had told his tale; "I won't have you borrow any money, Ted."

"Oh, no, I'll work for it, but it does seem hard: perhaps someone will have me as errand-boy;" and so saying he ran off.

Ted tried first one shop and then another, till he was quite tired out: no one would take him, because he was so poorly dressed. He walked miles that morning, and was at last obliged to go home and say he could get no work.

"If I'm too badly dressed for a shop I suppose I am for anything else," he mused. "To-morrow I'll buy a broom and sweep a crossing."

On some days he did fairly well, on others he earned hardly anything, and he and Nancy often went hungry to bed.

One day he was more forlorn than usual, and took up his stand at his corner. It was very wet.

Perhaps it was the rain that made people cross that day, or the wind that put them out of temper; for scarcely anyone looked at Ted, or gave him a halfpenny.

He had hardly enough money to buy bread for tea that night, and his mother and Nancy were faint and weak for want of food.

"Oh, Teddie, what shall we do?" cried poor little Nancy, when at last, quite late in the evening, Ted came home tired out and wet through. "Shall we die here? We've no food, and mother's been crying nearly all day, and says she never thought she'd have to starve!"

"Here, Nancy, never mind," says her brave brother. "Here's a bit of bread for you; go to bed now; there's a good little girl, and I daresay something will turn up to-morrow."

For some days after this poor Ted was nearly in despair.

He went early and stayed late at his crossing, but he made very little money, in fact, hardly enough to buy them food, and they were obliged to move into a smaller lodging.

Mrs. Finch became very ill for want of proper nourishment, and poor Ted could not think what was to be done.

He would not beg, his mother would not allow him to borrow the money to have the organ mended, and once or twice he really thought they would all have to go into the workhouse. Ted was determined to prevent this if possible, and so worked on through many difficulties.

One morning, however, his mother was very ill, and in her weak state grumbled at Ted for not earning more money, and for leaving them all day alone in their tiny attic.

The poor boy did his best to soothe her, and promised to be back early in the evening.

The wind was bitterly cold that day, and Ted was nearly frozen. He was walking up and down trying to keep himself warm, when a kind-looking old gentleman stopped to speak to him.

"Cold work standing about, eh, my boy?" said he.

"Yes sir," responded Ted, touching his cap in his usual polite fashion.

"Earned much to-day, my boy?" said the old man again.

"Nothing as yet, sir," was the answer.

"Nothing! Do you tell me the truth?"

"Yes, sir," said Ted. "I've taken nothing to-day as yet."

"Well, here's a sixpence for you, anyhow, and better fortune to-morrow" and so saying he walked off almost before Ted could thank him.

The next day was bright and sunny, and Ted was working cheerfully away from his crossing, when who should he see coming towards him but his old gentleman leading a little girl by the hand.

Ted touched his cap when they approached, and the old gentleman said—

"Good morning, my boy, fine day, eh? I have brought my little granddaughter to see you; she was most anxious to make your acquaintance."

"How do you do?" said the little girl holding out her hand to Ted. "Have you a grandfather like mine?"

"No, miss," said Ted, looking very much amused, "but I have a little sister about as big as you."

"Oh! I should like to see her; take me home with you."

"No, no," said the old gentleman, "you come along now, Kitty. Good day to you, my boy."

About a week later Ted was surprised to see Miss Kitty running along the street alone, and set off to meet her lest she should come to any harm.

He was only just in time,

The heedless little child, running away from her grandfather, crossed the road, and not seeing a heavy cart coming, would have been run over if Ted's strong arm had not been suddenly thrown around her.

Her grandfather was following her, and knew nothing of what had happened, but, attracted by the crowd at Ted's corner, came up to inquire the cause of the commotion.

He soon learned the facts of the case, and took the frightened child home, and bade Ted follow.

"Now, my boy," said he, when Kitty had gone to her mother, "you don't want to sweep any more crossings, I hope, eh? Because I'm going to give you something better to do, as a reward for saving my granddaughter's life. Will you come here and live with me? I'm in want of a boy to help me, and I've been watching you for a long time, though you didn't know it, and I see you're honest and steady, and altogether I think you'll just suit me. Will you come, eh?"

I need hardly say that Ted went.

Mrs. Finch soon recovered her strength with the kind treatment she received, and she and Nancy were provided for. The organ was mended, and Ted and his mother agreed that they would never part with it.

ABOUT EATING.—He is a wise man who knows what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid. Particular occupations, for example, impose upon particular persons a special dietary. Obviously the man of a sedentary business cannot eat with safety what is enjoyed by the man who works hard with his muscles.

The stout, the thin, the young, the old, have all to arrange their diet according to the conditions of their daily life. In this matter each man must be "a law unto himself."

What is one man's meat is another man's poison, and the amount of food that would fatten one would be insufficient to keep from another the pangs of hunger.

Whenever a fixed ration of food is provided for large numbers, as in prisons, barracks, hospitals, some have as much as they desire and others feel starved. In convict prisons the food is apportioned according to strict hygienic principles, but some of the inmates are so dissatisfied with their scientific meals that they are always trying to steal food from each other.

In a certain prison it is found most difficult to prevent the men employed at bookbinding from eating the paste provided for the work. Some people put their food into a bad skin; it seems to do them no good.

THE MOTHER.—If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was the yearning cry repeated: "If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, laid in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breadth failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship but he did not seem to mind bodily discomfort.

His eyes were far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry: "If I could only see my mother!" An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left.

"Oh! that's the reason," he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die you will certainly remember this.' Oh, if I could only see my mother!" He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

(Coroner. "I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane?" Shopkeeper. "Yes, I sold you that cane." Coroner. "And you said the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that it is artificial." Shopkeeper. "I can't help it, sir. I have my ivory direct from Ceylon, and the only explanation I can give is that the elephants have taken to wearing false tusks."

A St. Louis lady urges in the columns of an esteemed contemporary the use of the juice of watermelon for improving the complexion. Judging from the liberal consumption of that kind of juice by our African citizens, its effect on the complexion is not apparent.

WHAT THE SKULL SPAKE.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Say not Sultans are mighty! Think not largely of thrones!
The realm of the beggar is safer than the kings of diademmed ones.

When the Darweesh has munched at sunset his hunk of yesterday's bread,
He sleeps in his rags more sweetly than the king on a golden bed.

Be grieved for whose ruleth, and pity his sorrowful fate!
The beggar is verily monarch, though he hides with a clout his state!

I heard it told of a Darweesh, long ago, in a distant land,
How a Skull spake these words to him, as he held the thing in his hand:

"The pomp of the giving of orders, and the power to save and to slay,
Were mine; and a turban of greatness on the brow which is bone to-day.

"God's will and the glory of battle brought harvest to edge of my sword;
I was king of the two great rivers; I was Babylonia's lord.

"I had in my heart the purpose to seize Karamania's plain!—
When, lo!—in the wink of an eyelid—the worms are eating my brain!"

From the ear of wisdom, Darweesh, the cotton of carelessness pluck,
That counsel of dead men, Darweesh, may bring thee, by lowliness, luck.

APPETITE AND SUPPLY.

Many prescriptions have been given for accommodating appetite and supply. Franklin's mess of gruel with bread crumbled in it is well known. Sam Weller believed that crumpets were "filling at the price."

An original, who we think must have been in the undertaking line, gives this recipe for cheap living: "First eat two cents' worth of dried apples; afterwards drink a quart of water to swell the apples."

In these hard times people are foolish in hankering after fleshpots. They would be better nourished and more healthy, and would spend a quarter of the money, if they ate more fruit and vegetables and less meat.

There is no doubt that many of us eat a great deal more than is good for us. A noble Venetian, called Luigi Cornaro, though he lived to the age of a hundred, was forty years old before he discovered that high living was not good for him.

Some people have very convenient appetites. If they feed themselves they can do very well on a small amount of food; if boarded by another it is impossible to satisfy them. Colored servants of this description are to be seen abroad.

When fed by their masters they seem to make it a matter of conscience to eat two or three pounds of meat a day. If they get a money equivalent and provide for themselves, they may look equally sleek and well-fed, though we know that they only eat for dinner a banana and a piece of bread.

Tournaments of gluttons were not uncommon up to fifty or sixty years ago. Twenty pounds of cherries are said to have been eaten at one sitting by a competitor at one of these encounters. She was a young girl and gained the day; but she did not long survive her victory.

At Portsmouth, Eng., a soldier of the Dutch artillery tried for a trifling wager to eat a pound and a half of beef while standing on his head. He had disposed of a considerable portion, when all at once his comrades observed him making strange faces, and on turning him up he gasped and died.

At Fareham, a small town a few miles distant from Portsmouth, a laborer ate for a wager, a bullock's head weighing ten pounds, with a gallon of potatoes, half a gallon of turnips, and the whole of the soup of the boiling.

But perhaps the greatest achievement in these uncleanly competitions was that of a certain Jerry Eke, a Norfolk man, whose powers at harvest suppers were the boast and envy of the villages round. At a farmers' market dinner a wager was laid for five pounds that he would eat a calf at one sitting.

The calf—let us hope only a baby calf—was killed. The bones were cut out, the flesh was chopped into minute particles, and apportioned into seventeen enormous pasties, whose outer crust was a thin film of batter made lovely and tempting to every sense, but carefully kept from any ingredients that could cloy the palate.

Jerry was called in, he having agreed to the wager with evident delight, and was told he might fall to. He did so, and steadily gorged. He had made no difficulty of the first nine pasties, but when a tenth was brought in he seemed to flag. To the horror of his backers he sighed and looked perplexed. It was but for a moment; he only desired to expostulate.

"I say, Mas'r, I ain't got nothing to say agin them poys—I loik 'em amazin'; but I'm a-thinkin' et's abaywt time as I should begin upon that ther calf!"

Nations who consider snails, frogs, rats, and dogs delicacies would rather die than eat what we call "good things." Tastes differ quite as much among individuals. Only this very day the writer has partaken with pleasure of a kind of food which King James said he would provide "for the devil if he asked him to dinner"—pork, and "a pipe for digestion."

The old "fire-eaters," so common at country fairs a generation ago, professed to find supporting diet in fuel and flames. Among the many attacks made upon Dr. Johnson, after his acceptance of a pension from the Government, was one purporting to be written by a famous "fire eater."

He complains that "real merit" is never acknowledged; that Dr. Johnson has been rewarded for "writing well" and Sheridan for "speaking well," but that he himself has received nothing for "eating well."

This unappreciative genius declares that his favorite mess is "brimstone and fire," and that if he came into a kitchen where a sirloin was roasting, he would "eat up the fire and leave the beef."

This curious taste may be compared with that of a 'stone-eater," who, according to a French writer, was exhibited at Avignon in 1760. His keepers professed to have discovered him on a desert island, where he was subsisting wholly upon "large flints, and such marbles and stones as he could make into a paste, which was to him a most supporting and wholesome food."

One man used actually to swallow small knives until he died in the exercise of his profession.

CHARITY is eternal. Gifts, however useful or attractive they may be, fail. They are concerned with temporal things, and are in their nature temporal. The knowledge of art, of science, of law, must one day become obsolete; although the lessons learned and the habits acquired in gaining such knowledge will be endless, the knowledge itself must cease when its subject matter ceases. Charity never faileth. So long as there are our fellow-creatures in existence, so long is there scope for love. Even of those spiritual graces which will outlast all material things, charity is the greatest.

Grains of Gold.

Great works are generally accomplished slowly.

Moral strength is the highest kind of health.

An ounce of heart is worth a pound of culture.

An enemy is a teacher who costs us nothing.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

The time is never lost that is devoted to good works.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

The glory and increase of wisdom stands in exercising it.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie.

No man was ever so much deceived by by another as by himself.

The surest way of making a dupe is to let your victim suppose you are his.

Be content to do the things you can and fret not because you cannot do everything.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

Remember when incited to slander, that it is only he among you who is without sin that may cast the first stone.

When the tongue of slander stings thee, let this be thy comfort—they are not the worst fruits on which the wasps alight.

Slander is a vice that strikes a double blow, wounding both him that commits and him against whom it is committed.

Femininities.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

An old Scottish lady of 60 has eloped with a suitor of 21.

Miniature flags of colored enamel are a novelty in earrings.

Mrs. William Astor has a burglar-alarm on her diamond safe.

The Persians, after dinner, wash their hands in scented water.

There are white lace stockings for brides, with others under them.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault was only on one side.

Fashion-makers declare that the bang must go as well as the bustle.

Anne, Queen of Richard II., first introduced side-saddles for ladies.

A little camphor in the water when bathing the face removes the "shine."

Woman has this in common with angels, that suffering beings belong especially to her.

To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself will always be the text of the life of woman.

The Queen of Italy reads and writes and sings and plays all by herself for three hours every day.

Is it not in philosophy as in love? The more we have of it, and the less we talk about it the better.

Love is the summary, the life, the inspiration of every good, the source and substance of eternal joy.

Three million women work for money in this country. The other millions make the men work for it.

One of the newest things in fans is one with a smelling bottle in the stick, and in the smelling bottle a little very strong ammonia.

A Princess Anne, Md., woman refused to bathe at Ocean City when she was told that colored people were allowed to bathe there.

One of the novelties in hair dressing is a large, beautiful sea-shell, which is worn in lieu of a tortoise-shell comb. It looks very mermaid like.

A new bonnet for the theatre has been invented; it can be "sat upon." The pretty humble thing is made of one continuous length of ribbon.

Servant: "The mistress says, mum, that she is not at home. Who shall I say called?" Caller: "You may say that a lady called who didn't bring her name."

Those married women who have been in the habit of opening and reading letters addressed to their husbands will have to stop, as the practice has been decided to be illegal.

According to letters of Queen Elizabeth lately published, her pet name for the Duke d'Alencon, to whom she was betrothed for ten years, was "the frog with the little fingers."

In parts of England if girls are lucky enough to find a pod containing nine peas they lay it under a gate, and believe they will have for a husband the first man that passes through.

Asking a lady what her accomplishments are is, generally speaking, harmless enough. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

In love all is risk. In the grove or before the altar, in an embrace or a golden ring, by the chirping of a cricket or at the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, it is all only a risk; chance does it all.

Mother: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come. We have just had such a scare. We thought at first that Johnny had swallowed a gold $5 piece." Doctor: "And you found out that he didn't?" Mother: "Yes; it was simply a nickel."

Lady patient: "I've got a terribly tired feeling, doctor." Doctor: "Put out your tongue." Lady's husband: "Oh, it ain't her tongue that's tired, doctor." Doctor, sternly: "Sir, your information is superfluous. I am a married man myself."

Grocer: "You say that your wife, Uncle Rastus, supports the family by taking in washing?" Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah." Grocer: "Well, don't you feel a little bit ashamed at times?" Uncle Rastus: "Ashamed? No, sah; dere's nothin' degradin' 'bout takin' in washin'. Ise proud ob de ole 'oomans."

A "sensible" woman, as Dr. Abernethy would have called her, was discovered by a shy man, who made her a rather original proposal. He bought a wedding ring and sent it to the lady, enclosing a sheet of note paper with the brief question, "Does it fit?" By return of post he received for answer, "Beautifully."

According to an English authority the language of the parasol is: Indifference, handle resting on the shoulder; I dare every danger, high above the head; I would lean on your arm, dropping it to the right; I brave everything for you, shut; I love you, carried in the arms; I could beat you, held by the point; I despise you, held like a cane; I hate you, beating the toes.

There seems to be a reason for the refusal of married men to do work at home. It is because they can't do anything successfully. Leander La Chapelle assisted his wife in taking down the clothes at Deadwood, Dak., the other day. He took them down in a hurry, for the shed he was standing on collapsed, and now the unfortunate man carries his arm in a sling, and the wife will have to do all the work for some time to come.

The origin of the muff is shrouded in mystery, but a general consensus of opinion seems to point to France as the country of its birth. Muffs were certainly in general use amongst the exquisites of the Court of Louis XIV. Thence they went to England in the time of Charles II., and there grew in favor and in fashion until the close of the eighteenth century, when gentlemen, with that fickleness which is characteristic of their sex, ceased to wear them.

Masculinities.

Our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us.

Ventilated suspenders are the latest hygienic development.

Now is the time to conciliate the girl's father and make friends with the dog.

It is a miserable economy to save time by robbing yourself of necessary sleep.

The Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual, the Chinese are ahead.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one striking at the root.

Every man is poor who spends more than he has; no man is poor who spends less.

Patent leather shoes are discountenanced by men of good taste except for evening wear.

The Emperor of China has thirty physicians and surgeons, and keeps well notwithstanding.

In the economy of life it doesn't pay to be always borrowing trouble and giving a high rate of interest for it.

Seldom do we talk of ourselves with success. If I condemn myself, more is believed than is expressed; if I praise myself, much less.

When a young man sits for hours talking nonsense to his best girl, that's fun. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they're married, that's labor.

When you talk keep your hands still, and when others are talking cultivate the habit of listening. It will make you a popular member of society for one thing.

The papers are again printing a table by which to tell one's age. No woman will look at it. She don't want to know how to tell her age, and she wouldn't tell if she did know how.

The song, "I Am Weary To-night, Love, Without You," was composed by a man whose wife had left him to take care of the children while she went to the theatre with one of the neighbors.

Another sure cure for corns is given in the form of bread-crumbs, soaked in strong vinegar and applied as a poultice. In the morning the soreness will be gone and the corn can be picked out. Two or three applications generally effect a cure.

An electric girl in Iowa can hold a 300-pound man in a chair with all ease. Almost any pretty girl can hold a man of any size in a chair, or even on a piano stool, whether she's electric or not, and she needn't even so much as put her hands on him.

A wretch at Mammoth Hot Springs, M. Ty., who stole from a house in which a death had just occurred, was suspended by the neck from a neighboring tree by indignant townspeople. After hanging for a few moments he was cut down almost dead.

A London preacher placarded the city with notices that he would preach on the subject: "—-—-—-—-—." There was a large congregation, to whom he announced the text: "Stand thou still awhile," and then said that his subject was, "The Pauses of Life."

A man hires me to shoe his horse, agreeing to give me one grain of corn for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling it for every nail driven. If I use 32 nails, how much corn shall I receive? You will receive 2,147,483,647 grains of corn.

Mrs. Welfixt, showing Aunt Japonica the new grounds: "That is the lodge over there." Aunt Japonica: "How nice it must be to have it so near! The one your husband belongs to is more'n four miles from where we live, an' sometimes it takes him all night to get home."

A hair dressers' society has been discussing "the phenomena" of modern baldheadedness in males. It has come to the conclusion that it is "due to the great intelligence of the men of the present period, producing a 'softness' of the head." Put 2 and 2 together—or rather, 1 and 1, and make them agree.

Frets are nettles. Some men insist upon putting their hands on them whenever they can, and then complain of being stung! Repentance are thistles, and some men never lose an opportunity of giving themselves a whipping with thistle stalks! This is unwise. No man was ever better clothed by fretting about clothes, nor made warmer by peevishness.

If you have any love for physical exercise try the following: The cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitting tightly into a wooden frame, and after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise on a sawbuck.

Forty-one years ago a young man of Rhode Island asked a young woman of the same State to marry him. She said "No." The young man went about his business, but he kept his eye on the woman, and from time to time renewed his suit, she refusing offer after offer. He persevered, and his constancy was rewarded a short time ago, when she accepted and married him. He was then 72 years old and she 61.

The Athenæum Library, Bury St. Edmunds, England, has a biography of a man named Corder which is bound in a piece of human skin. Corder murdered his sweetheart and married some one more to his liking. Having been detected and hanged, the doctor who obtained his corpse sent a piece of his skin, properly cured, to the publisher, and a copy of the dead man's life was accordingly bound up in his skin.

A revolution is brewing in Paris which portends a change in the evening dress of male humanity. At the annual ball of the Syndical Chamber of Paris Tailors, most of the men, who by their designs decide what shall be worn and what shall be regarded as out of fashion, wore, it is true, tail coats, but they also wore white waistcoats, knee-breeches, and black silk stockings. There were even some who had donned the sky-blue tail coat, white silk breeches and blue silk stockings.

Recent Book Issues.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's "Tried for Her Life," has just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city, to sell at twenty-five cents a copy.

"Nana's Brother," by Emile Zola. T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city, have just published a cheap edition for the million, of this work, to sell at twenty-five cents a copy.

"G. A. R., or How She Married His Double," is a novel by Edward P. Roe. It is located during the recent war, and will serve for a pleasant enough few hours' reading. Laird & Lee, publishers, Chicago.

Amelia E. Barr has produced a very interesting historical novel in "Remember the Alamo." It is not the first time this subject has been made the theme of a story, but it is so rich in interest that it can well be handled without loss of originality or effectiveness. The book is beautifully printed and bound. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $1.00. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The September number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* has a very lovely study for a frontispiece entitled "Dorothy," engraved by Lacour, from a drawing by Henry Ryland. The second and concluding part of Henry James' story, "Patagonia," is given, followed by a highly interesting descriptive paper, "In the Polish Carpathians," richly illustrated. Other illustrated papers are "London Street Studies," by J. Ashby Sterry," and an historical and descriptive sketch of "Hampton Court," the famous abode of Cardinal Wolsey more than three hundred years ago. The serial by Prof. W. Minto, "The Meditation of Ralph Hardelot," comes to a satisfactory conclusion in this number. A new volume of this excellent magazine begins with this number. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The October *Quiver* opens with a paper devoted to an account of "The Day of Atonement as Observed by the Modern Jews." Rev. R. H. Lovell has an article on "Sentimental Christians," a class whom he does not encourage. Further Chapters of "The Beauforts of Beatrice Gardens," are given, and the serial story "In Her Own Right" is continued. "The Unselfishness of the True Evangelical Religion" is dwelt upon by Rev. Hay M. Aitken. The Rev. Tryon Edwards, D.D., discusses "Newton and Voltaire on Prophecy," and Alexander Lamont writes of "The Natural Poetry of Footpaths." Other articles are "Training Home for Girls," "Conversion," "The Temperance and Total Abstinence Movement," "Emin Pasha," "The Religious Instruction of Children," short stories, poetry, and many entertaining brief articles in the "Short Arrows" department. Cassell & Co., New York.

THE WIFE'S WORK.—"My dear," said an eminent philanthropist to his wife one day, as he suddenly burst into the sitting-room, "I have been counting the windows in our house and find there are forty. It just occurred to me that you have to keep those forty windows clean. And that is not a beginning of your work. All these rooms have to be swept and garnished, the carpets made and cleansed, the house linen prepared and kept in order, besides the cooking, and I took it all as a matter of course. I just begin to see what woman's work is, even when she has help, which you are not always able to procure. You ought to receive a monthy stipend, as a housekeeper would. Why haven't you made it known. I have not been just to you while I have been generous to others."

The wife who told this in after years, sat down with him and for the first time since their marriage, opened her heart freely on the topic of woman's allowance. She confessed to having had many a sorrowful hour at her position as a beggar. At the head of a large household in a Western town, where domestic service was both scant and incompetent, she had hardly been trusted with $5 at a time during their united lives.

NERVELESSNESS.—It is the quality of "nervelessness" that distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs forever and ever, and discover no more signs of weariness and irritation than if he were a machine.

This quality appears early in life. There are no restless, naughty boys in China. They are all appallingly good, and will plod away in school without recesses or recreation of any kind. The Chinaman can do without exercise. Sport or play seem to him so much waste labor.

He can sleep anywhere, amid rattling machinery, deafening uproar, squalling children, and quarrelling adults. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a bed, on a chair in any position. It would be easy to raise in China an army of a million—nay, of ten millions—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, head downward like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.

AN enemy is a teacher who costs us nothing.

LADIES who value a refined complexion must use Ponzoni's Powder—it produces a soft and beautiful skin.

A WORLD OF WONDERS.

WE want thinking souls—we want them," so wrote a famous author, in a few remarks which may serve as thoughts for the thoughtful, and cause them, in this world of wonders, to awake to the wonders which surround them.

Let us consider for a moment the vegetable world. First of all, it is the only organism that can convert the organic world into life. Neither man nor beast can find nourishment directly from the earth. The beast finds its food in the vegetable, converting it into flesh, which, again affords food to man and all carnivorous animals.

What a marvellous chemistry do we thus find in the vegetable, kindling the inorganic into life!—how subtle, how completely beyond our ken, no matter how keen our observation.

Nor is the animal chemistry less subtle, less marvellous in converting the vegetable into flesh.

Again, consider how simple and how like, if we may not even see how identical, are the constituents on which vegetable life feeds, and with what marvellously different results! Think of the variety of fruits and flowers—some sweet-scented as the rose and the violet; others, disagreeable, as the garlic and the dunk-tree, and the wormwood.

If we take a mere bud of a white rose-tree, and insert it into the stem of a red rose, forthwith it becomes incorporated in it. The root sends nourishment throughout the whole tree; but the same sap passing up the different stems, results respectively in red and white roses. What a marvellous change the sap has undergone by only travelling up a different kind of wood!

Think of the hard stones or nuts that are found in the fruits of trees—the peach, the walnut, and the cocoa-nut. The conversion of sap into these hard nuts is indeed a piece of wonderful vegetable chemistry.

Think too, of the many useful medicinal, as well as hurtful and poisonous, plants that abound in every clime; all, remember resulting from the conversion of nearly the same ingredients into the diversity of different products. In a dry and thirsty land, too, where no water is, the cocoa-nut fills its shell with an abundance of delicious fluid. We cannot tell how it is done.

Now, let us turn our thought to the animal world. How wonderfully are animals built up—the lower by the eating of vegetable food; the higher by the eating of the vegetable converted into flesh.

Think of the wonderful animal chemistry that can convert green food into blood, flesh, hair, horn—into all various requirements of the several parts of the body, and that without any will exerted by the animal to produce the several results. It is done unconsciously by the animal.

What a variety of food and drink man occasionally takes at a meal, and yet the process of digestion separates the mixed mass into its several different results, producing hair, horn and bone.

What a wonderful conversion of vegetable matter into the ivory tusks of the elephant and the antlers of the deer and stag! We cannot find any material in hardness and elasticity equal to that of the tusk of the elephant for the making of billiard balls.

What a wonderful product is the shell of the eggs of birds, and the shells of lobsters and crabs produced simply from what they severally eat! Wonder reigns everywhere—in the air, in the water, and in the earth.

Have my readers ever allowed themselves to wonder at the feathers of the birds? How gorgeous and yet how artistic are the feathers in the tail of the peacock? All the feathers, remember are made from what the bird eats.

Again, life abounds in every variety of form, and exists under every variety of circumstance. We have fish sporting in the sea, birds floating in the air and animals traversing the land and sea. Some shell-fish like the crab and lobster, have their skeleton outside their flesh; other fish, as the salmon and the cod, have their skeleton covered by the flesh.

Some trees have their nuts covered by the fleshy fruit; others, like the tropical cashew, have the nut outside the fleshy fruit. Animals that occupy the land have invariably the skeleton within the body.

Again, consider in how many ways you can distinguish one man from another; the voice, the fall of the foot, the handwriting are all different.

So, too, with painters. No two painters paint alike. An expert connoisseur can easily distinguish the paintings of one master from another. Each man throws naturally into his voice, his walk, his writing, his painting, some portion of his own personality, if he is a true man.

Nature never repeats herself, consider the birds of the air; each species builds its nest after its own pattern; the eggs of each are marked differently; their notes are different; the taste of the flesh is different; the plumage is different.

But more wonderful still is the difference in the vegetable world; no two leaves even on the same tree are exactly the same. The ordinary observer can see no difference in the face of a flock of sheep, but the shepherd can tell one sheep from another. These dissimilarities are endless.

The more we allow our minds to dwell upon the wonders contained in this world, the more we are impressed with the might, the wisdom, the intelligence of that inscrutable Power to which we give the name of God.

When our wonder culminates in our admiration of the complex construction of man, his hands as instrument adapted to every variety of work, and his brain so adapted as to guide his hand to the performance of that work, we readily exclaim with the poet Young: "How wonderful is man! How passing wonder He that made them such!"

All that I have written has reference to this world only. When we let our minds contemplate the grand universe of which our globe is a mere point in space, and its history a mere point in time, then, indeed, our wonder should be translated into a reverential awe.

FACING IT OUT.

Memory of Events.—This is shown by a wide, full forehead in the centre.

Reasoning Power.—A high, long and well defined nose and a broad face exhibit this great faculty.

Moral Courage.—This faculty manifests itself by wide nostrils, short neck and eyes set directly in front.

Language.—This faculty is exhibited in many parts of the face, particularly by a large mouth, and large, full eyes, opened wide.

Self-Esteem.—This faculty shows itself in a long or deep upper lip. Large self-esteem gives one dignity, self-control and perfect independence.

Firmness.—The presence of this faculty, even when very large, is indicated by a long, broad chin. Firmness is synonymous with wilfulness, perseverance and stability.

Perception of Character.—This is indicated by a long, high nose at the lower end or at the tip. This faculty is very useful, if not indispensable to a Judge in the exercise of the functions of his office.

Powers of Observation.—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the top of the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the nose. It is a faculty which enables one to concentrate the mind upon the subject being discussed.

Conscientiousness.—This is shown in the face by a square jaw, bony chin, prominent cheek bones and a general squareness of the features of the entire face. To be conscientious means one has a sense of justice, honesty of purpose, rectitude of character and moral courage.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"And at what age does a child take notice of its clothes?" was asked of a designer of juvenile fashions.

"I am not joking," he replied, "when I assure you that the age is younger in girls than in boys. It is solemnly and truly so. Mebbe it is instinctive in the sex, and mebbe it is because little girls are apt to be more adorned than boys. Anyhow, a girl of 2 years is generally quite conscious of her clothes, while a boy is careless of them. The precocity of girl babies is often-est shown in the apparel, while boys take no interest their garb. Apropos to tendencies in children, it is the usage now for wealthy parents to hire governesses to suit the natures of their offspring. A too sedate and diffident child is provided with a semi-menial companion of vivacious ways and somewhat forward manner, so that some of the elder's liveliness may be imbibed. On the contrary, a little heiress of two bouncy a nature, is put with Miss Prim for a governess, that little Miss Pert may be by the companionship subdued into gentleness of demeanor.

THE FIRST WATCHES.—At first the watch was about the size of a dessert-plate. It had weights and was use as a "pocket-clock;" the earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one horum, or watch of iron, the likewise of iron Gilt, with two plummets of lead." The first watch may be readily supposed to have been of rude execution. The first improvement—the substituting of springs for weights—was in 1500. The earliest springs were not coiled but only straight pieces of steel.

Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the case had no crystal, but opened at the back and front, and the watches were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost about $1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

A PLUCKY servant girl at Nyack, N. Y., was awakened in the night by unaccountable noises. She arose and while in the act of lighting the gas was seized by a burglar, who at the same moment pressing a revolver to her breast threatened to shoot should she expose him. She wasn't of the timid kind, however, and knocking the revolver to the floor, in an instant lighted the gas and then gave chase to the intruder, who, in the meantime made for an open window and escaped.

THE true American has a warm place in his heart for the old LOG CABIN. It's not "English you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

FISHING FOR SPONGE.

The principal places from which sponges are exported are situated in the eastern portion of the Mediterranean. The only exception is the Bahamas, in the West Indies.

The Bahama sponges, however, are the poorest in quality which reach the market. The sponge of Tunis, from the extreme resistance of its tissue, is an article of general utility, for it can be put to the commonest uses.

The most valuable sponges, however, are those which come from the coast of Syria and the Greek Archipelago.

The depth of the water beneath which it is found has a great influence on the quality of the sponge. That which is gathered on a rocky or sandy bottom is much superior to that which grows upon a muddy ground.

In a natural condition, the Tunis sponge is black and covered with a viscous matter which forms the polyp of the sponge, and contains a considerable quantity of sand and mud.

In the Tunisian waters the sponge-fishery is carried on most actively and profitably during the months of December, January, and February.

The late autumnal storms have by that time cleared the sponges of the seaweeds and other plants which concealed them, and the eye can easily detect them. It is considered, calm weather and a transparent sea being indispensable, that not more than forty-five days can be counted upon each [illegible]

The men employed in the Tunisian sponge-fishery are almost exclusively Greeks or Sicilians, and the former are found the more skilful.

There are several modes of collecting sponges. They are plucked with the hand by help of a diving-bell, they are harpooned, or they are dragged up with an instrument which resembles the sort of drag used for fishing up oysters.

The diving-bell can only be used where there is a hard bottom, and the harpoon is the instrument mainly employed by sponge-fishers.

The Arabs go out in parties of five, six, or seven persons in a small boat. One man holds the trident and watches the bottom of the sea, striking where he sees a sponge; but the Arabs are rarely successful in a depth of more than eight or ten metres. The method of the Sicilians is almost the same as that of the Arabs, except that their boats take only two men, one to row and the other to strike.

The island of Kalimno, on the south-western coast of Asia Minor, contains a population of about twelve thousand, all the adult males being engaged in the sponge-fishery. They leave the island in May, and return in September at the latest.

They take the sponges back to Kalimno where they are sold, the council of the island constituting a court which decides all differences between fishermen, captains, proprietors, merchants, and retail purchasers.

The Kalimniotes usually fish at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet; below this there are no sponges which possess any commercial value.

The divers have to be men of adult age and of great physical strength; they can in no case remain at the maximum depth of twenty feet for more than two minutes. They select the good from among the bad sponges by touch, tearing away those which seem to be the best, and place them in a pouch fastened round the neck.

Quite recently a new method has been adopted, the wearing of a water-tight diving-dress, made of metal and provided with glass windows: in this dress men are able to remain at the bottom of the sea for two or three hours and collect the sponges at their ease.

AFTER a few weeks' acquaintance a well to do New Yorker and an Ottawa widow became engaged. The wedding was arranged to take place last Wednesday and the guests were assembled at the church. But the groom failed to appear, and later the news was announced that he was a passenger the night before on a train bound for New York.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, September 10, 1888.

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT THE "WANAMAKER" Brussels. It is made to our order, backed with our name. We know every kink and turn of all the famous brands of Brussels before the "Wanamaker" was christened. It takes a back seat to none of them. $1.25 a yard.

We have made an extra push this season for good quality carpets at the least possible price. In Brussels there are three sorts besides the Wanamaker that will make a stir. Prices 10 per cent. less than such goods are offered at anywhere else.

1—a $1.25 Brussels for $1.10.
2—a $1.15 Brussels for $1.00.
3—a $1.00 Brussels for 90c.

Only a trifle more than usual Tapestry prices!

We mean to meet every want in Brussels carpet so perfectly that no buyer will feel like hesitating.

The price dip runs into other sorts. We have a new quality Wilton Velvet, smooth, even surface, well printed, at $1. An unexampled price for the grade.

Tapestry, too. A Brussels look; good share of Brussels goodness. A new line at 45c. The like hasn't been heard of.

Just a nudge from some of the medium-priced Carpets. There are stacks and stacks of the most luxurious floor covering as well.

THE COLD PUFF THAT BLOWS STRAW HATS one side brings Derby and Silk smiling to the front. The new goods are all in save a last lot from Heath of London. Knox, Youman's style and all the leading makes.

We have given special thought to Hats for boys and young men, as well as for their elders. Prices have been crowded down to the lowest notch. Derby Hats, $2 to $4; Silk Hats, $4 to $5.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Humorous.

MUTUAL, YOU KNOW.

They had whirled around to the steps of the waltz,
And dismay had spread o'er his face,
For he found just then, at the end of the dance,
A button was caught in her lace.

He colored, and then in embarrassed tones,
When the dance had gone quite through:
"Pray, pardon my boldness," he said, with a smile,
"But you see I'm attached to you."

Then, roguishly glancing, she answered at once:
"Don't let that worry you so;
For quickly you'd see, if you'd only half try,
This attachment is mutual, you know."

—A. Y. S.

A large snowdrop—An avalanche.

The best way to kill a falsehood is to let it lie.

With defaulters it is fly-time at any season of the year.

He has come to the Morgue to claim a lost relative. "Has the any peculiarity by which he can be recognized?" "Yes; he is dumb."

Mistress: "Jane, Willie informs me that my husband kissed you yesterday." Jane: "Oh, that's all right, ma'am; I've got used to it now."

Two children are "making up" conundrums at a party. One asks: "At what time was Adam married?" "Give it up." "Oh, on his wedding Eve."

Robinson, on a visit to his native town: "Well, Smith, I see that you have changed your office again. Burnt out?" Smith: "No, indeed. Fired out."

Patient old lady, to elevator boy reading dime novel: "How often does the elevator go up, boy?" Boy: "It goes up at the end of every chapter, ma'am."

A conceited coxcomb once said to a barber's boy: "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "Why, no, sir," replied the boy; "never, but if you will please sit down I will try."

"One thing, Maria," said the tarred-and-feathered gentleman, as his wife plucked him after the festivities; "the tar ain't no special use, but there's most a dollar's worth of feathers on me."

Young wife: "Horrors! See here, sir, your dog has run off with a whole sponge cake I left outside to cool." Tramp: "Don't worry, mum. That dog's tougher than he looks. He kin eat anything."

Railroad official: "I am exceedingly sorry, but I cannot renew your pass." Citizen, indignantly: "Wh-at! And I've had a pass on your road for 15 years! Is that the way you treat old customers?"

Husband: "On his return from business: "Why, my dear, what is the matter? You look ill." Wife, fatally: "Oh, John, I've just been reading an almanac, and I find I have 27 diseases, any one of which may prove fatal."

Young man, to editor: "Did you receive a poem from me, sir?" Editor. "I believe I did." "After looking over it, were you able to do anything with it?" "Yes, I had just strength left to throw it in the basket."

Old Griggs: "Really, Tom, my boy, I can't stand this extravagance. You spend five times as much money on yourself as I do." Tom: "Well, don't you know, father, I haven't got a son to support, and you have."

"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?" "Well, what if I have, little one?" "My Uncle John has lost me, and I thought if you'd seen a gentleman without a little girl you could tell me where he was."

Mother, who with her little boy is dining at a friend's: "Johnnie, I am really ashamed of you. You never behave so badly at home." Johnnie: "I know it, ma; but when I have a chance at a good dinner like this I'm apt to get excited."

A young artist who lives in a boarding-house wants to know how he can learn to play the violin without disturbing the other boarders. Soap your bow, young man, and bathe the strings twice a day in sweet oil. They won't complain very much then.

Mrs. Chilsley: "I see statistics show that 75 per cent. of male criminals are unmarried." Mr. Chilsley: "Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony." And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect.

"Did your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed, he didn't," she replied with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw."

Magistrate: "After walking up to the lady to beg money, with this bludgeon in your hand, you began to threaten her, and said, 'You must die!'" Prisoner: "Quite right, your Honor; but I didn't say when she was to die; but die she must, some time or other."

Scene—Big dry goods store. Floor walker, to old farmer: "Your wife sent you for dress trimmings, you say. Do you want it pretty loud?" Old farmer: "Yes, I guess so; my old woman's rather deaf." Floor walker, to clerk: "Samuel, show him the bugle trimming."

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gently, but firmly: "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet and said, in broken tones: "Are all my hopes thus to be dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

"No, ma'am," said the tramp, gratefully, as he shouldered his bundle and prepared to start on again: "I don't keer fer nothin' more to eat, thank you, but I'd be obleeged if you'll give me two or three o' them there biscuits. I don't carry no weepins, and they've got a savage dog at that next house."

INSECT TORMENTS OF BRAZIL.—Insects in all countries often possess an extensive power of annoyance greatly in contrast with their diminutive size. They appear to combine the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort in a very scientific fashion. Brazil is specially favored with parasitic torments.

Take the bush-tick, for example. Of this diminutive monster there are three species, of which the largest is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. We are told that this insect was known to the ancients; but it is very unlikely that they enjoyed his acquaintance.

When examined under a magnifying-glass, it is seen to be furnished with a weapon of offence in the form of a trident of teeth, which are serrated inwards. It has also three pair of legs, and each leg is provided with strong hooked claws. Enormous quantities of eggs are laid upon the ground; and the young ones as they creep out climb up the plants and catch at any passing animal which brushes past, and fatten on it.

The infliction is so dreadful that horses and cattle sometimes die from the exhaustion caused by the bites of these creatures, which settle in swarms. The traveller soon has the appearance of a person suffering from shingles. Sometimes the attacks bring on fever.

Another insect torment of Brazil is the Jigger. These interesting creatures make their home chiefly in the human foot, and hence are known to the Brazilians as "foot-beasts."

Still worse are those bugs which attack indifferently cattle and human beings. With animals they appear to raise a large hard lump, so that they probably reside in the skin after the fashion of the ox-warble.

Stories are current of negroes losing their lives from the *berno*. The grub is deposited in the nose and other parts of the body, and if squeezed to death instead of extracted, it festers, and produces serious consequences.

Children of three months old may suffer from a visitation of the *berno*. Some of the natives, in the case of adults, apply a burning stick to the wound, in order to destroy the worm. Such are some of the pleasures of the insect world of Brazil.

SCARING THEM OFF.—In the early days of the electric telegraph, great difficulty was experienced in some countries in protecting the wires from the cupidity or superstition of the natives of the districts through which they were carried.

Such a thing occurred, in Chili, a difficulty which was solved by a clever stratagem. There happened to be at the time a number of captive Indians in the Chilian camp. These were called together by the general in command of the troops, under whose auspices the telegraph was being established, and he explained to them, that if they touched the wires, their hands would be held fast, and they would be unable to get away. The Indians did not believe this; but the officer, to prove to them that he spoke the truth, requested them to take hold of some wires, connected with a concealed induction coil.

This had the usual effect of so cramping the muscles of their fingers that they could not get away, although the general commanded them to let go. The action of the battery was then stopped, and the men were released, with the strict injunction not to tell their countrymen on any account of this secret regarding telegraph wires.

Of course this had the desired result; and every Indian was afterwards told in strict confidence about the dreadful result of meddling with the wires.

A FEW PERSONALITIES.—A lecturer said: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention; indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you could form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me." A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming: "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans." Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was this clerical slip. A gentleman said to the minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the Deacon is in heaven."

An indignant parent rebuking a refractory son, exclaimed: "Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!" To which the youth rejoined: "Oh, come now, I hope you ain't going to blame me for that."

Now it is announced that the troupe of Russian musicians who play twenty-four pianos simultaneously is coming to this country next season, and we are still without a navy and coast defences.

WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES—"Sarsaparilla,"—"Cough and Consumption Remedy,"—"Hops and Buchu,"—"Extract,"—"Hair Tonic,"—"Liver Pills,"—"Plasters," (Porous-Electrical),—"Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," are the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

THE BABY.—A basket for baby's belongings is not only a pretty adjunct to its wardrobe but an almost indispensable convenience.

It should contain, besides the customary pincushion, a velvet sponge, a piece of white Castile soap, a box of baby-powder, a cake of white wax, a roll of old linen, a soft towel, two sizes of safety-pins, a piece of fine linen bobbin and a pair of sharp scissors.

The basket is usually covered with pink, blue or white silesia, silk or satin, and over the silesia is a drapery of plain or dotted Swiss muslin trimmed with lace. The satin-covered baskets have usually a trimming of Oriental lace. If a basket of the desired size cannot conveniently be obtained, a large paste-board box can be made to serve the purpose; paste pieces of strong muslin over the corners, cover and line with pink or blue cambric or satine and then with dotted mull, and make pockets and pincushions for the inside, as any baby-basket, and finish with a full of gathered mull edged with lace.

HUMAN NATURE.—"You want a position in my store, do you, miss?" said the kind-hearted merchant. "You don't look as if you had had much experience in selling goods. I have only one place vacant now. It's the soap department, in the basement, and the salary is only $1 75 a week. But my wife informed me this morning she needed another girl in her kitchen. If you would like that place she will give you $4 a week and a good home. Which would you prefer?" "I'll take the soaplady position, sir," was the naughty reply.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

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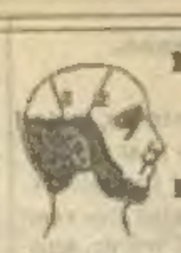

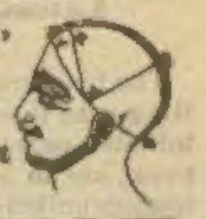

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Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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Rev. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
Rev. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y.
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Misses BONNEY and DILLAYE, Ogontz, Pa.
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Prof. ROBERT R. RAYMOND, 123 Henry st., Brooklyn.
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

The hats and bonnets of rose stems, bristling with thorns so like nature that an uninitiated person would hesitate to handle them, are to have real roses and leaves, freshly culled and sprinkled by water, and fixed in by large pins just before wearing. The delusion of the whole thing being real will be complete.

A few of these semi-transparent hats have broad brims in front, around the right side, and at the back, but cut away on the left side, the place being taken by a wreath of flowers. The brim is allowed to be wide in front and the right side, but it is bent up to the crown at the back in three places, each aperture having a flower put in corresponding with the flowers at the left side.

The loveliest, coolest-looking hats are of white rice straw, veiled with white tulle, ribbon, and wings of white birds.

Cinnamon-colored fine straw hats are fashionable for both children and adults, trimmed with white ribbon.

The large flat-brimmed Leghorn hats are also well worn, trimmed with white ribbon and long ostrich plume, or with white lisse and green leaves. Even the Zulu hat is much worn.

Perhaps its fellows would not recognise, in the acme of its civilization, the woven rush head-piece, disguised with its covering of tinted tulle of its own color, the mass of leaves hiding the brim or part of it, and the flowers and ribbon decorating the crown.

One, specially ordered, has the indented brim at the back tied up with nut-colored and grape-colored gauze ribbon, with nuts and purple grapes straying up the crown, and the ribbons, mixed with nut-colored tulle, gracefully brought down on the opposite side finished off with three amethyst buttons. The pin which is to secure this hat on the head of the wearer has a large amethyst head, and the costume which is worn with it is a mixture of pale brown and heliotrope, exactly matching the nuts and grapes.

For children's wear these Zulu hats are wonderfully popular, and many are trimmed with two ribbons, such as red and navy blue, pale blue and brown, etc. The brim at the back is turned up with a strap of each colored ribbon.

Several black chip hats have the crown low and square, with black ribbon, one or two loops of white tulle, and a cluster of ripe purple grapes laid on the top of the crown. This is a pretty and suitable hat for an elderly lady.

For light garden wear, the white hats, looking as if they were made of shavings (which no doubt they are), are covered with washing net or fine muslin, bent up at the back, and finished off with any bit of ribbon or spray of flowers.

Lawn-tennis is in full swing. Tournaments are being held in all directions and in the country everything gives way to it.

The flannel and silk Garibaldi bodices reign supreme, with every sort of white skirt, and very nice they look.

They suit all figures, and they are worn either with bands of their own color and material, or with any fancy one the wearer likes. For young girls they are much worn for home and small dinners as tea gowns are by older women.

Now that "smocking" is popular, many girls make and "smock" their own bodices, and most elaborate some of the work is, bringing down such encomiums, that the worker is amply repaid for the time and labor bestowed. A tennis gown recently ordered is worthy of description:

The material was of bright poppy-red nun's veiling made with long drapery, lifted in front to show a white voile petticoat, cut up the left side, with the edge nearest the front turned outwards, showing the band of white open-work embroidery. Three bows of white ribbon placed at distances on the work. Two strips of embroidery ran up between the ribbons to form the requisite width.

The bodice was made like a covert coat, with loose fronts, the cuffs being of open-work embroidery. The high collar was turned over with the same and fastened at the throat with two large mother-of-pearl buttons, connected by a little silken cord with two tasseled ends, the sleeves being open and tied together with the same. The hat was a red sailor, with broad brim lined with white straw, and trimmed with poppies, "blowaways" and ox-eyed daisies.

Some of the evening bodices are arranged like fichus, carried just over the shoulders, and kept in around the waist by broad bands of folded soft silk. The dressmakers drape these bodices on the wearer's figure, or a padded stand, cutting out the armholes afterwards.

With a fancy flowered soft silk, or a pretty muslin and apple-green silk, the effect is quite in the old picture style. Pale pink silk is also picturesque. The skirt is draped, and there is a wide sash.

There is not much novelty in hair dressing. The newest style is to draw all the hair up to the top of the head, secure it there, and divide it into strands, and arrange it all up the back, in the figure of eight commencing low down and working upwards.

It is somewhat difficult to arrange it for oneself, and the addition of a little hair that does not grow on the head is sometimes necessary.

A fashion has crept in, but it is not one to be encouraged, and has not found many followers, of cropping the hair above the poll for three inches or so, frizzing or curling it and turning all the rest up the top of the head.

A great many girls are turning their fringes backwards, and sometimes over a cushion, and arranging the coils of hair so as to keep the fringe back (in addition to its being secured by fine pins). This fashion of turning the hair back and crimping it is gaining ground and suits most young faces. Fringes are seldom seen now below hats.

The feathery aigrettes in white or color, with paste or real diamond drops shivering from wires, are almost the only ornaments seen in the full dressed heads. Loops of the airiest, fairest tulle are mounted on pins, and put in at one side high up, among the coils and curls.

Real fruits and flowers are lightly pinned in, and clusters of red currants have appeared lately, with pretty effect. A trail of blackberries on fair hair would not look amiss, or a cluster of little oranges, out of a conservatory, among dark tresses.

A pretty fashion has lately found its way into bridal entertainments, and that is the sprinkling of bride and bridegroom with rose petals instead of rice, which is not a pleasant one for those so honored, or a safe one sometimes, where horses are concerned. These petals may be of all colors—but white for preference—and they are gathered in little baskets or white satin bags, distributed at the last moment.

The fashion of tracing designs on dinner tables, in and out of dishes, flower receptacles, etc., with flower petals is also carried to a most artistic height at present. The petals should correspond with the flowers in those receptacles.

Field poppies and green barley is one of the fashionable floral combinations of the day.

Feathery shrub spiræa, so plentiful in many gardens, and now in its prime, is beautiful when put into tall glasses lightly, but in tolerable big sprays, or with the addition of a large purple clematis. Tea roses and clematis are also put together on dinner tables.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

We are so frequently called upon to give our readers "wrinkles" of all sorts and kinds that an article on them would not be out of place, and will embody morsels of information desired by several correspondents, and probably very useful to many more.

Numerous questions have of late been asked about washing flannels, silks, and cashmeres, about cleansing carpets, cleaning paint, etc.

Perhaps there is a black cashmere dress that still looks tolerable to outsiders, though we ourselves know it to be so full of dirt and dust that we fancy it smells frowsy.

This must be all picked to pieces except the widths of the skirt and draperies, the undoing of which would be lost labor. Wash it in warm rain water, if obtainable, and, if not, put a little borax in the ordinary water, such as is supplied in towns by the various companies.

Some yellow soap will be wanted and all the rubbing must be done by the hands, for, if laid on the board and scrubed with a brush after the manner of laundresses, the cashmere will be worn out. When quite clean and rinsed, hang on each piece, while wet, to dry out of doors in a brisk wind; or, if that is impossible, press, but do not wring, the water out; fold quite smoothly wrong side out, taking care that the folds come in the middle of a width or at a seam, and pass through the rollers of an india-rubber wringer.

If then hung in a warm place to finish drying, the cashmere will look like new, and can be made up into a fresh, clean, sweet-smelling dress, which with a little lace and silk substituted for the old braid or velvet, will be a most useful garment for spring and early summer. A skirt and draperies thus renovated are often worth a new bodice, or at all events one of the nice useful jerseys which are now made so trim and pretty.

But suppose the cashmere dress is not wanted now, and will not be wanted till late autumn. Pray do not hang it up or put it into a box in its present condition, but unpick and wash, and then it will occupy a very small amount of space, and you will not be harboring dust and dirt.

Black satin may be cleaned and renewed by sponging it not across the width but lengthway, with a little warm gin and water, or with borax and water, and ironing on the wrong side while very slightly damp.

Black soap may be treated in the same way, but will bear a little soap dissolved in water if very dirty. It is better not ironed, but cast through a mangle or wringer, like cashmere.

All the grease spots can be got out of gentlemen's black or dark clothes by putting an ounce of lump ammonia into rather more than a pint of water, and when well melted using a little of the mixture on piece of dark woolen cloth, and rubbing every spot with it. If a great deal of this has to be done the garments become damp, and then a hot iron must be held just above the damp places, and they must hang near the fire afterwards. If the iron is pressed on the cloth it make a whitish mark.

Corah, surah, pongee, and all natural undyed silks may be washed like so many pocket-handkerchiefs, but without soda and without wringing. When quite dry, iron them with a hot iron, but never sprinkle or damp them down.

Carpets when thoroughly shaken or beaten, look all the fresher for being rubbed over with a little ox-gall in water, but the ox-gall must be fresh. If it is not, people with sensitive noses will avoid the house for many months to come.

Light paint is best cleaned without soap. Have some whiting finely powdered and free from grit. Rub some of it on the wet flannel, clean about a yard of the paint, following the direction taken by the painter's brush; then wash it off with clean water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus treated never looks muddy or smeary.

Turpentine and beeswax melted and mixed in one's own kitchen make a better polish for furniture and stained floors than anything else. The beeswax must predominate over the turpentine, and a small quantity of the mixture must be applied and followed up with a great deal of elbow-grease. The scent of this and primrose soap is as sweet incense to the nostril of the good housewife, intent on getting her house cleaned before the winter.

Last of all, but not least, comes the question of washing flannels. Before the sheep are sheared their fleeces are well washed in the nearest pond, and herein is the secret of all successful washing of pure wool.

The water must be cold, or only lukewarm, and when soap is applied the lather must be made universal—all over the garment. Then it must be thoroughly rinsed, and, if possible hung out of doors to dry. Flannels thus treated will never be hard nor discolored.

Chocolate Cake.—Beat up ¼lb. of castor sugar with two eggs, then add very gradually the yolks of six eggs, two small cakes of chocolate grated, a little lemon peel, ¼ lb. of ground almonds, the whites of six eggs previously whisked to a small froth, and 1 oz. of flour; pour the mixture into a buttered mould, and bake.

Sand Cake.—Put ¼lb. of castor sugar into a basin, beat with it the yolk of eight eggs, add 4 ozs. of liquid butter, a little grated lemon peel; the whisked whites of six eggs, and 4 ozs. of flour; mix in each ingredient separately, and beat all well together; bake in a round, shallow mould.

Cherry Cake.—Beat up 4 ozs. of castor sugar with the yolks of ten eggs for quite twenty minutes, add 4 ounces of blanched and cut-up bread-crumbs and the well-whisked whites of five eggs; when well-beaten together put into a shallow cake tin; take about half pint of cherries, fresh or bottled (if the latter, lay them first on a sieve till quite dry), drop them into the cake, and put the tin at once into the oven, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

When officials of Wellsville, Ohio, went to the house of William Smalley, an old and eccentric citizen, whom they intended to take to the county infirmary, they were attacked by thirteen dogs, and had great difficulty in getting Smalley away. The old man had for several years taken care of all the stray dogs he could find.

It is better to do well than to say well.

Confidential Correspondents.

ESPERO.—Unitarians reject the doctrine of the Trinity, and believe in the absolute unity of God.

PEDLICK.—The army of the United States on June 30, 1857, consisted of 2300 officers and 24,290 men.

IMPATIENT.—The way to pronounce "Elxir" is to make the final syllable not like "gin" (the spirit), but as in the word "begin."

WIDOW.—Write to the Commissioner of Pensions, at Washington, D. C., giving all the facts about your husband's connection with the army, cause of death, etc.

TREVANNION.—"Nydia" is a character in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." She was blind, beautiful, self-sacrificing, and is a favorite subject for painters and sculptors at present.

LEYTON.—There is no reason why a lady twenty-six years of age should despair of getting married. Some would be twice that age before they thought of being called an old maid.

SLAGENORN.—All out of door exercises, causing tremendous exertion of the bodily powers, are more or less dangerous; though we may not feel the effects at once, we may in after years. Even paralysis has been known to result from tremendous over-training for a boat race. Moderation is good in all things, we have the highest authority for believing.

SHADRACH.—Sleepwalkers should never be awakened while out of bed; they should be led gently back, and then wakened and scolded for having got up. If this do not prove effectual in breaking the habit, they should be tied to the bed, and candle and matches placed beyond their reach. Also, there should be no exciting conversation nor exciting book read before going to bed.

DESPAIR.—Your plaster-of-Paris bust may be cleaned by means of a little whiting. Mix a small cupful with water until thick as thin cream, then take a clean brush and brush the cast all over evenly with the mixture. Some people mix a little isinglass with the water, to make the wash stay on. The isinglass should be melted in a little hot water before it is added to the white mixture.

BOSCADUBH.—The best way to prevent chilblains is to keep the feet always dry and warm; some persons are disposed to them constitutionally, and always have them. The water in which a stick of celery has been boiled to a pulp is recommended as a cure; but the old fashioned remedy of onions and salt is really the best thing we know of. It is unpleasant because of the smell, but it is generally efficacious.

TALKER.—It is a pity for a girl to be so shy as to be an encumbrance at a social meeting of friends; but a girl should not be talkative and put herself forward. It could not be any question of being proud and reserved when probably she is not in a position to be so. Such a charge is ridiculous: but you may be very "heavy on hand," and dull. Speak pleasantly when "spoken to." If you "cannot find a subject to talk about," be the more on the lookout to be useful to your entertainers on the guests at your own home.

ST. CLAIR.—Amusements are only sinful when they stand between us and our duty, or when our minds are so absorbed by them as to prevent our dwelling on better things; and likewise when they do harm to others. But we must remember the homely proverb of "All work and no play," and its effect on "Jack," and so unite our pleasures and our work wisely. Home duties come before anything else, for which we have our Lord's own example during thirty-three years of His life.

EVANGELENE.—Thousands of young and faithful Christians take a gloomy view of their spiritual state because they fall short of what they desire and strive to be, and because they fancy that true repentance is evidenced by floods of tears and broken-heartedness. It is a false view to take of the case. The man who repents is he who forsakes every known sin, or at least makes it his daily work to struggle against all, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, for which he perseveringly prays. This is true repentance.

SANDY.—The reason that the President's House at Washington is called "the White House" is that it was painted white, after the destruction of the public buildings in that city, when the English took it in 1814. The house was built of gray sandstone, and the walls were discolored by smoke, from the burning of the woodwork, and the original look of the building could not be restored otherwise than by painting it. The white color, being an object attracting attention, was the origin of the name it received.

L. WATSON.—1. The idol god of the Phœnicians and Canaanites, called Baal, was supposed to represent the sun or the planet Jupiter. The Baal (Lord) of the Phœnician inscriptions is "Baal the Sun-God." "Baal" is often compounded with other words, such as Zebub, the fly-lord, or averter of flies; and Baal Gad, "Lord of good fortune." The corresponding female deity was Ashtoreth; the moon, or planet Venus, of which name the Greek form is Astarte, wearing a crescent over her forehead. The "groves" spoken of as connected with the worship of these false gods is an incorrect translation. They seem to have consisted of wooden statues representing Ashtoreth, stuck upright into the ground in high and shady places; and these the Israelites were commanded to cut down and burn.

INQUIRER.—1. The title "Christadelphi" was applied to the followers of Fra Dolcino, an Italian reformer, who was put to death at Vercelli, A. D. 1307. It was also applied to the Anabaptists under Munzer, A. D. 1525. 2. Agnostics is the name given (about 1876) to philosophers who assert that we have no knowledge but that which we acquire by means of our senses. 3. The golden circle above the heads of saints, called the Nimbus, is of great antiquity, and found in Egyptian, Greek, and Indian Art. In its most ancient form it was the attribute of the Sun god Re, and afterwards of the Greek god Apollo. It was subsequently introduced into Christian Art. 4. Niobe was a woman, a daughter of Tantalus, King of Lydia, and was so proud of her numerous family that she insulted Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana. She, in her turn, entreated her son and daughter to punish her. Consequently every child was shot dead by Apollo and Diana, except her daughter Chloris, upon which Niobe was changed into stone, and all who attempted to bury them were petrified by Jupiter.